

LIFE

SUCKS

Stevedore Fontanel tells every sordid detail of his miserable life in the slammer. Awww...poor parolee./C1



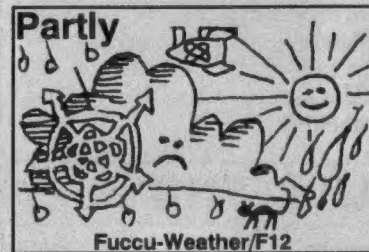
Grunge Groove.
Check it./D1

SEX

at the U of A.
Steamy.
Spread./B1

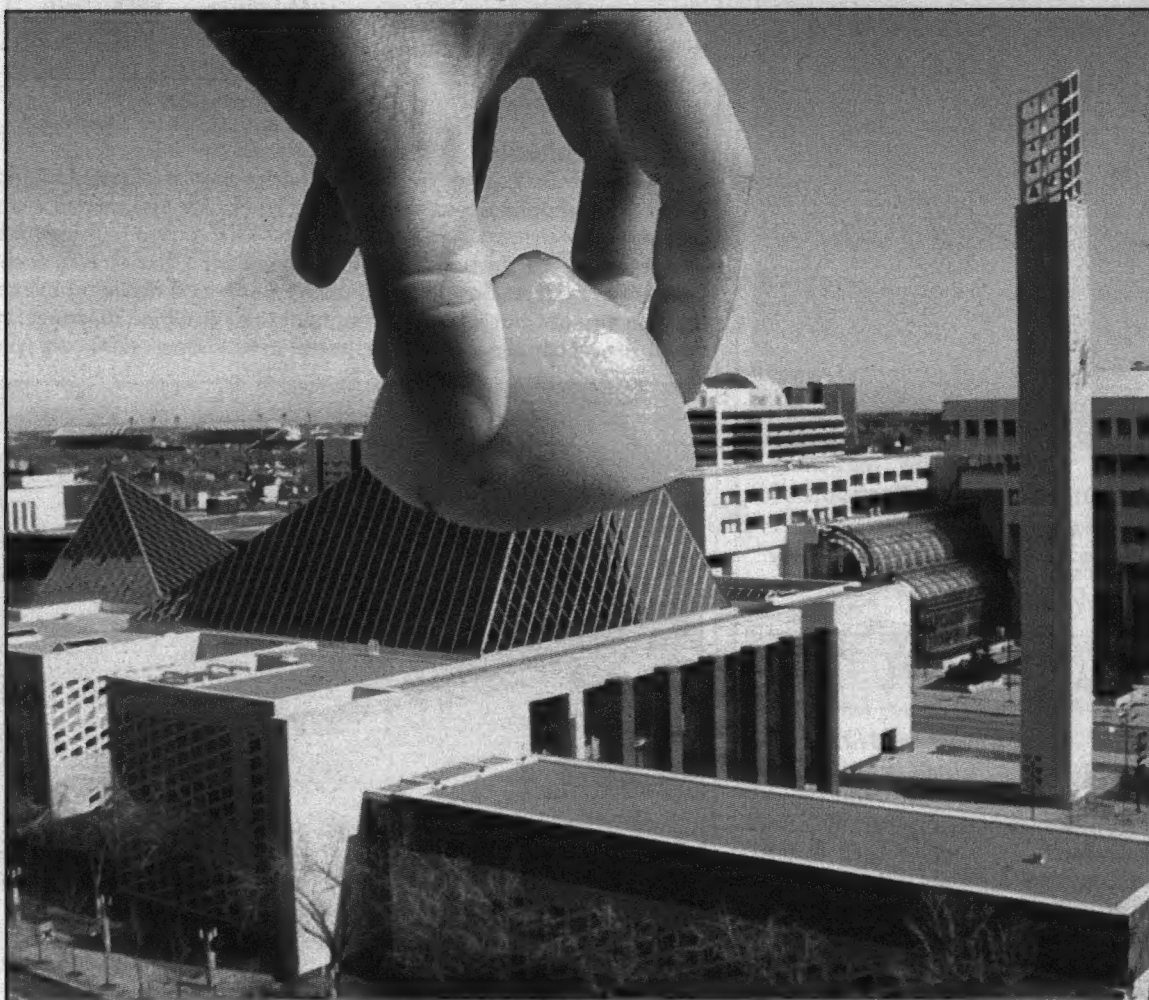
The
Edmonton

Jurinal



3 Dead Chickens Rural Only

Thursday, April 15, 1993



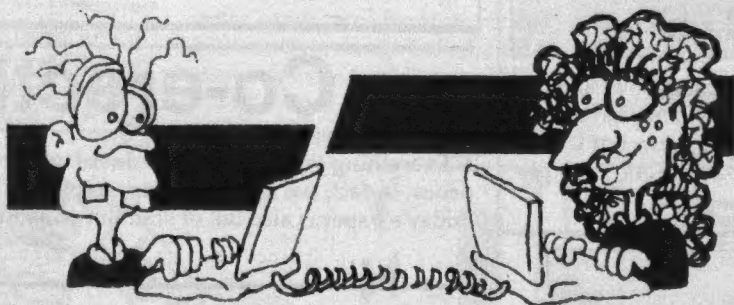
A LEMON OF A DEAL. City hall cost a lot of taxpayers \$\$\$, and now it is being used for lemonade production by a really tall guy. What a funny city we have!

At the office: two colleagues talk love, lust and the 90's

How do you get laid in this city, without acquiring some revolting disease? We asked Jurinal reporters Leery Folders, 103, and Peevin Yearnin', 23, to find out how to get boffed in the buff. They went on a hot date to discover the true meaning of getting naked. Later, we secretly recorded their steamy E-mail conversation.

FROM PEEVIN: So how about those flavoured condoms?

FROM LEERY: Well, they're pretty good, but I wish they had avocado and grapefruit flavours. Another thing is all the flavour runs



avocados.

FROM LEERY: Not everyone's as lucky as us, though. Some people have to do it on their own. Like those people we met down-

out right away. They just don't last long enough...kinda like you Peevin!

FROM PEEVIN: Ya, ya, ya, that's all I ever hear from women. All you ever do is take, take, take.

FROM LEERY: But even so, there's not too much to take. I'm still waiting for something more satisfying. I know men half your age who can keep it up longer without their padded condoms.

FROM PEEVIN: Half my age, eh? Kinda figures...it's easier for you to get down on their level. Or it would be, if you ever got off your back.

FROM LEERY: Okay, okay. Let's get down...to business.

FROM PEEVIN: You mean, how to get laid in this city? That's easy, get your boss to tell you to fuck one of your co-workers. But bring

town last night.

FROM PEEVIN: Ya, what a great place for romance. The AADDAACC recovery centre. They really...loved each other.

FROM LEERY: And they had a lot in common.

FROM PEEVIN: But do they remember each other?

FROM LEERY: There you go again, getting all sappy. Who cares? The best relationships last under ten hours. Speaking of which... I think our ten are just about up. Let's not waste it.

FROM PEEVIN: You're right. Who cares about this story anyway? We'll just do it at the last minute like we always do. See you in five in the supply closet?

FROM LEERY: You know it.

These two people are special friends

Lianne Balder
Jurinal Stiff writer

See related photo A2.

Believe it or not.

Kandy and Mandy have been friends for over two days now, and you can barely tell them apart.

They met 51 hours ago in a line up at Subway, a place they both frequent for the outstanding meat-ball subs.

"I can't imagine what my life was like before I met Kandy," Mandy said, "it seems like she's been in my life for fucking ever. If it wasn't for her, my life would probably have some semblance of normalcy."

Kandy says she'll miss Mandy when the men in white jackets return her to the proper authorities in Ponoka.

Friendships like the Kandy-Mandy one are precious if not short-lived. Everybody needs special friends like Kandy and Mandy although most will never be so lucky.

How did these two become such special friends?

"I just knew when I saw her in those red Guest jeans I wanted to buy yesterday in the mall, that we were destined to be soul mates," said Kandy.

Mandy was at first a little wary of Kandy. But now she says she's petrified.

"This girl is a fucking nut, I've been trying to get the attention of

the authorities, but they think I'm as crazy as her," said Mandy.

Mandy says she has taken desperate measures to get rid of the obsessive Kandy, but to no avail.

Last Saturday, Mandy took Kandy to the Transit hotel hoping that Kandy would either get mugged or drunk and pass out in the bathroom.

"Oh, me and Mandy had such a good time there," said Kandy, "they had gerbil races and we shared our first beer. Now I know what it's like to live on the edge."

Mandy says she knows what it's like to live on the edge, alright.

"I been living on the edge of sanity for two fucking days, I'm smoking like a chimney here. Would someone please, please help me," she said.

Kandy says with a glint of psychosis in her eye, "I will always be there for my special friend, even if it kills her. If I can't be there for her, I'll be her."

Kandy is described as a caucasian female, approximately 21 years of age permanently attached to Mandy's right ankle with her teeth.

For Mandy's sake, if you know the true identity of her 'special' friend, please contact the SPCA or the department of social services.

Beware of special friends. Believe it.



Tim Cremona The Jurinal

Mandy and Kandy have been friends for over two days now! Don't they look fluffy and nice and fuzzy and sweet.

INSIDE

Alberta.....A@ Flare.....FO
Bullshit.....BS Cumics.....#%
City.....CN Losers.....L4
Unemployed...UIC Stocks.....S&M
Sluts.....XXX Surgery.....M7
Phone sex.....OH Zillionaires..ZZ



Published most days
unfortunately by a bunch
of shitty writers and
dorks who work for
Southpaw Powers

Inside YESTERDAY

FLARE

Grunge ware is the newest thing on the freaking trendoid geek fashion scene. But this trend is different. It includes all sexes, reinforces bilateral patriarchy and goes for the exotic look. Of course none of these are taken together and I'm babbling. /D1

LETTERS

An integral part of this rag is the editorial control we exert over our letters. We twist and turn and love to torture the reading public with a terribly self-righteous, narrow-minded opinion. "Out of context" is our middle name! If we disagree with well-argued points we will not print your letters./A5

NEWS

The U of A student newspaper *The Gateway* is blamed for everything bad that ever happened on the earth. Surprised?/A3

QUOTES

"Yollarda gives good head." JJ

—Tex Blueby, a hack

"All I know is it wasn't my fault. Every problem this government has we inherited from Don. I didn't do it. I was at the bar the whole time." JJ

—Ralph Clown, on why the Tories are so fucked up./Last page.

"They're all dead, they're all bums. Now the world is mine, and I'm taking over. Watch out!" JJ

—Hills Clifton, the president's wife, on husband Bill's assassination Wednesday./Digest A3

"I'd file a complaint with Campus Security, but it turns me on and I learned some great techniques." JJ

—A nerdy librarian, about sex in campus libraries./B3



Fred Guccione The Journal

Two University of Alberta students enjoy an afternoon of sex on campus. Students bored with books have begun copulating in imaginative places throughout the past few weeks. See spread City B1.

CITY

David Stimpy reveals crap about skateboarding and the crime of hanging out in Hicksville. Find out more about the hidden sophistication of young punks in this Northern metropolis./B1

A former *Journal* columnist does shit all day long. But hey, he's good at it! Find out more./B1

IMAGES

Ralph Clown experiences a day's worth of hallucinations. Stumbling, escaping reality, ignoring responsibilities and taking craps are all a part of his everyday experience. Check out the photo spread of our populist patsy, and find out more about your humble premier./Last page.

CUMICS

Crap of the highest artistic value though morally bankrupt. Still, they're pretty damn funny./C3

OPINION

Our own misguided, idiotic, narrow-minded, uninformed, one-sided, Sesame-Street watchin', makin' fun of little newspapers who never tried to hurt anyone, moronic opinions./A4

Big John Gagger talks about his ethnicity and life. Spuzz./A4

ENTERTAINMENT

Check out the most sexually arousing TV Guide you have ever seen. Programming to meet all of you and your relatives' sexual needs. Nurture your inner self and stroke your ego to the ultimate extremity of desire./D6

SPORTS

Taber corn, farm boys, and de-virginized cows. They have nothing to do with sports. But U of A prez Paul Davendork is implicated./D1

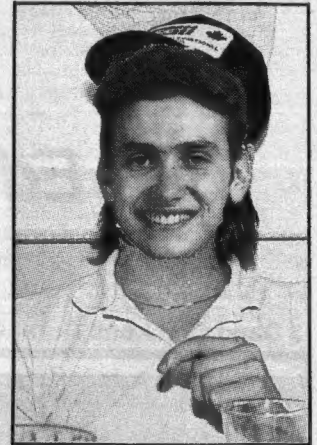
PEEPHOLES

Student leader lets his hair go. And it keeps going and going and going...

U of A Students' Union president Terence Fillmyitch fell from grace when he broke down and bought a beer at a campus bar Wednesday. Ever since he won the SU election, Fillmyitch's

behaviour has been concentrating on the victory celebration. While Terence had previously kept his hair perfectly styled in Krameresque fashion, the red-blooded lad has started to let his golden locks flow around the back. "I wanted to get closer to the people I represent, and seeing how I'm from the North side, I thought I'd start wearing trucking companies' baseball caps and letting my hair grow."

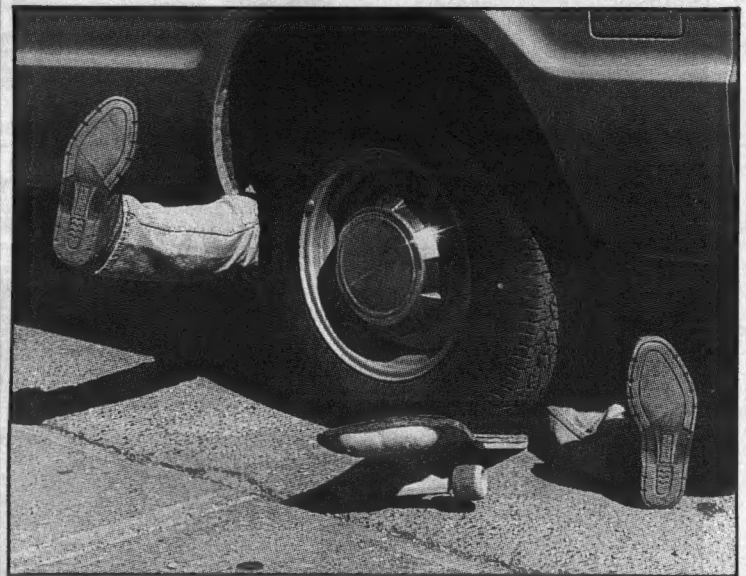
Hopefully Fillmyitch will stop celebrating before the summer is over.



Fillmyitch

Charles in charge?

Heir to the British throne Prince Charles may not quite be kingly material a London tabloid reported last week. *The Star* carried a story revealing that Prince Charles and Princess Diana used to frequent the dungeons in the Tower of London whenever Charles was feeling "naughty." Sources close to Buckingham Palace say that Diana never put up with any of Chuck's crap throughout their troubled marriage, and that the royal couple used to visit the dungeon at least once every week.



BP Laserphoto

He deserved it, say pissed off feminists!—

Asshole comedian Andrew Lice Clay was run down by a carload of women en route to the new Sexual assault centre at the U of A.

"We just couldn't resist. We saw that hate mongering bastard on his skateboard and so we gunned it. Next thing we knew he was squashed like a grape," said Bertha Bebad of Leduc.

The women are not being charged because the police officers who arrived on the scene were too afraid of the marauding women to do anything about it. Clay was buried yesterday but no one showed up at the ceremony, not even his Mom. Later Lice man.

Co-erections

Everything we printed in Wednesday's *Journal* was completely erroneous. In fact, we made it all up, so please disregard the entire paper. Today's paper is also full of shit. But you knew that.

Welfare squandering

Lotto 4/69: Guess what? Yesterday you freaks wasted \$400 zillion dollars when you could have bought beer. In fact, nobody ever wins the lottery. It's all a big scam to try and enrich the Heritage Spuzz Fund. The joke's on you, and Ralph gets the last laugh.

Minus: The losing number for the main prize of \$.001 was 69. But don't try to redeem your prize at any Lottery ticket centre, because you'll be charged GST on that, and it will work out that you owe them money. Besides, once you get there you will buy another \$300 worth of tickets from the snotty bitches that work there.



Journal photo

These two guys have been friends for over eight months now. Danny and Jeffy met last August and are still buds. See friendship story page one.

RECYCLE THIS PIECE OF SHIT.

World Digest

Cancer cured forever

A cure for cancer has been discovered by a team of Swedish scientists. Svend Andderrsen and seven of his colleagues have been leaders in cancer research for over 13 years and the breakthrough they've been waiting for is finally here. The announcement came at a press conference in Stockholm Monday. Andderrsen said cancer should be eliminated from the face of the earth by 1995.

"This breakthrough will save zillions and zillions of people who are currently suffering from this dreadful disease. Humanity in the future will look back on cancer merely as a chapter in history now that we have discovered a fool-proof cure," said Andderrsen.

The drug tri-colog-5 will be available worldwide by next week. In a similar development in France, French scientists discovered the cure for AIDS.

Nuclear war wreaks havoc on the Middle East

A nuclear war was fought in the Middle East Wednesday killing quite a few people. Thermonuclear warheads rained down on seven cities from Cairo to Damascus. There were few survivors from the conflict.

Experts estimate the world's oil supply will be contaminated for between 100 to 200 years due to the detonation of the nuclear warheads.

Officials at the United Nations said the devastation in human life was unprecedented in history. However it is not expected that there will be any more political disputes in the region ever again.

US President assassinated

U.S. President Clinton was assassinated yesterday in Washington D.C. by John B. Lowmup the president of the National Rifle Association. Clinton was blown away by a rocket launcher that blasted a patriot missile clear through the new commander in chief. Al Gore was sworn in Wednesday at a brief ceremony at the White House.

The CIA, the Islamic Firebombers for Freedom and the Front de Liberation du Quebec have all claimed responsibility for the assassination. However, inside sources close to the *Jurinal* say Hillary really has it for Lowmup and a love triangle is being investigated. Hillary was addressing Congress at the time of the assassination and was not available for comment.

Campus paper linked to tower bombing

The Ass-ociated Pressed

Paris, France

The *Gateway* has been found responsible for the recent terrorist bombing of the Eiffel Tower. Although the bombing did no structural damage, it stunk up the elevator shaft for a few hours.

Authorities believe that the terrorist who did the bombing, Muhammed Salami, was influenced by a TLF found inside The *Gateway*. The TLF in question read: "Guy in Chem 101. Blow up the Eiffel Tower and I might go out with you. Signed, Girl With Big Tits."

Salami was arrested after an undercover police officer posed as Girl With Big Tits, and attended Salami's Chem 101 class. Salami soon approached him and said "Hey, I bombed the Eiffel Tower. Wanna go to Rusty's with me?" After about an hour spent at Rusty's, the police officer arrested Salami. When Salami told authorities about The *Gateway's* involvement, they promptly dropped all charges on Salami, and pursued The *Gateway*.

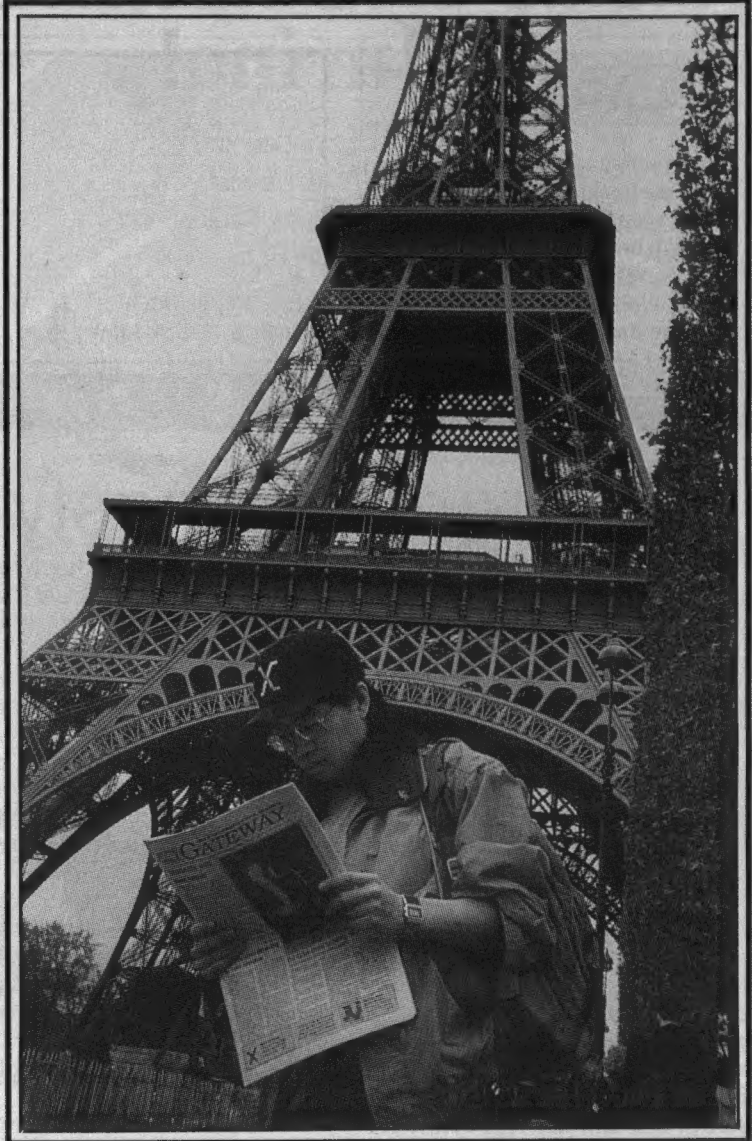
Paris police chief Jean-Luc Retard stated that "... we needed

someone to blame for this tragedy. We could have blamed the terrorist. We could have blamed his country. We could have blamed society. But we decided that the easiest thing to do was blame The *Gateway*, since everyone else is doing it."

Although *Gateway* Editor-In-Chief Caren Onion would not comment on The *Gateway's* role in the bombing, University of Alberta President Paul Davenport stated, "It's reprehensible. I'm appalled by this whole incident. The *Gateway* staff should be drawn and quartered. What did they do?"

A group on campus, calling themselves COWPELT (College Oafs Who Protest Every Little Thing) have demanded an apology from The *Gateway*. Spokesperson Wendy Whiner said that "The *Gateway* is responsible for everything that is printed. Running the TLF was inexcusable. Also, I'm mad because no one ever sends a TLF to me."

The University of Alberta Student's Council Executives would not comment until they determined what the most politically correct stand was.



The Eiffel Tower bombing is mysteriously linked to a controversial campus newspaper in Canada

Tory leaders toke up Inhaling or not, a good time is had

The Canadian Press

Ottawa

Tory leadership hopefuls attended a giant smoke-in on Parliament Hill Monday.

The smoke-in was sponsored by a prominent member of the PC party, David Slimo Reveen, who supplied free weed for all card-carriers.

Gin Shredards was in a nearby room, where fumes were detectable, but said he didn't get stoned. "I don't need an artificial high. I'm high on life," said Shredards.

Cum Scampbell and Jean Charist were both completely baked, but said the issue is all old news by now, since that was at the beginning of the week.

"That's old hat. Voters know it was a long time ago, and we were just experimenting with mind-altering substances. I think it gives both me and Jean an edge over the other candidates because we can relate to the average Canadian and their concerns," said Scampbell.

"I agree with Cum wholeheartedly...NOT! She's a

complete bozo who hasn't said a single election-related thing this entire campaign," said Charist. "Maybe this will become the new campaign issue-who's stoned at what press conference."

Charist said he would be interested in exploring the benefits of free trade with Mexico, as it could be a profitable source of migrant labour to grow pot for Canada's growing drug trade, and could help relieve some of the country's huge debt.

Steven Segal, resigning Prime Minister Lyin' Ulnoney's chief of staff, was considering entering the race for the top job in Canada last week, but decided against it, as he's busy running a time-consuming business.

Segal has a multi-billion marketing company which sells pot to small children and rips off welfare recipients. His company also offers educational programmes for potential drug pushers and smugglers. His connections allow his employees to get into the country without the usual hassles.

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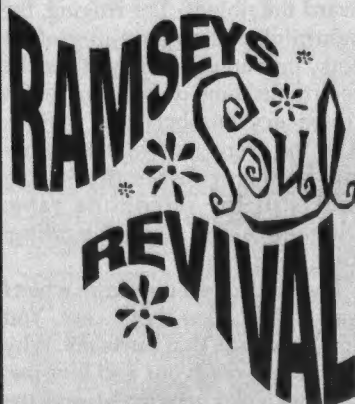
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Opinion

The Edmonton Journal

Publisher: Libbys Beans
Editor: Robertson Davies
Managing Editor: Fluffy Cookie
Associate Editor: Charlie Farquharson

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EDITORIALS

Full Frontal Honesty

Big newspapers like to defend little newspapers. But when it comes down to a choice between principle and revenue, hell, you've got to go with the profit motive every time. Conrad Blech needs his money, and we can't eat ethics and lofty ideals.

Southlamb Incorporated, which owns *The Journal*, has been taking a beating in the stock market. Frankly we cannot afford to lose any of the special interest groups right now, not even the radical environmentalists. Fluffy Cookie, our managing editor, needs his bacon and eggs so he can come up with those beautiful front page features. Look, we'd take a stand, but frankly right now it isn't convenient, so piss off.

Shocked? Well, you've seen the special Klondike Days section which *The Journal* runs in July and August. You don't suppose we publish that oh-so-relevant collection of whatever to serve the wishes of our readers? We have a vested interest in the success of the festival, as we are a major sponsor. So of course we're going to promote the hell out of it. And don't expect to see a word about the whispers that Edmontonians are tired of a celebration which really has very little to do with the history of their city. We are a corporation, not a public service.

Oh, and about all that leftist

sympathy stuff you have been reading in the pages the last few months. Did you really buy it? Blubber blubber blubber. We can read polls. Twice the New Democrats have won the majority of the seats in Edmonton during provincial elections. Forget about truth and fairness, we will print the news that people want to read, or at least 50.1 per cent of them.

We're sort of hedging our bets now that Ralph is premier. If it looks like he'll sweep, then we'll be on our knees holding the dust pan. Give us a few weeks. When the wind blows in May our sails will open and we'll follow Ralph or Larry or Ray to the top.

So Marshall McLuhan and Noam Chomsky got it right after all. Another thing, while we love little newspapers to death, they do take a tiny portion of our advertising revenues, which frankly isn't tolerable. It is in our best interest to see "little" suffer and twist and die in agony.

We would like to thank our accomplices, Left and Right, who have made freedom of expression an exclusive right for a privileged few. Us. Or at least our bosses. Or at least the system they serve. Or whatever it is. Who cares? We have enough to eat. Tonight we will sleep in a heated house. We are content. That's a hell of a lot.

The human condition

Spring Fever

It's springtime again! We've spotted our first robin of the year, hop-hop-hoppin' along. We've seen the first pussy willows (gotta love those pussy willows, all furry and grey and springy). Even the yellow of the dandelions is a welcome sight after the endless months (weren't they endless?) of gray, gray snow. Soon the flowers will bloom and the leaves will unfurl and Edmonton will be alive and green again. Green!

Spring. Gotta love it. This editorial isn't actually about anything. We figure you probably won't read it, since you've probably stopped half-way through the big long editorial above (see above). Or, you've skipped the big, long, serious editorial on

top because it's too much for your little brain, in which case you're probably not ready for anything any more challenging than this little space-waster.

So yes, there's a war in Europe and famine and war in Africa and other bad things happening all over the world. North America is drowning in its own decadence, the end of the world is sooner than you think, the revolution is coming soon to a neighbourhood near you. But never mind all that. It's spring. So kick back, read about special friends and tattoos and skateboarding and the latest hairstyles. Then you'll be happier and you'll buy what our advertisers want to sell you. Happy, happy, happy....

In the current political climate, we will do any thing which is expedient. But recycling is kind of a pain, so let's chop the forests any way.

NOTHING OFFENSIVE

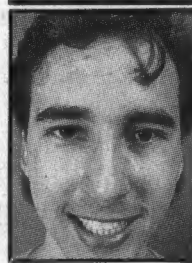
Dinosaurs make me sad

As usual the politically incorrect dinosaurs on city council are ruining everything. What will not turn out for the best, I ask you, if only we believe strongly enough and don't ask questions? That's how the magic works.

The problem with reactionary alderpeople like Wrong Hatter and Levis Chihuahua is that they just don't get it. Really it is so obvious. I wish I lived in Sweden.

Forty per cent of 40 is 16. Sixteen per cent of 16 is 2.56. The floor wax on the Price is Right always costs \$2.56.

Chihuahua used to be the Chief of Police—or was he the bus driver? I'm very excited that K-97 is going to become a really different radio station and play more Phil Collins. I wish Hollywood would rerelease *Ishtar*.



Big John Gagger

City and Bryan Hall

Instead of building a baseball stadium I wish the city would build a proper facility for hackysack. The Edmonton Oilers are sexist because they don't play ringette.

The guys at the *Edmonton Scum* tease me about my name. I don't get it. Wrong Hatter needs to get up to date and read the Regina Manifesto.

My favorite store is Ikea because it is Swedish and gender neutral. I also like the play area and the moose,

even though I don't think it's real.

I want to screw my courage to the sticking place and ask Mayor Jammed Reamer a really penetrating question, about that beaver pelt thing, perhaps. I'm stuck on this one, though. Questions are bad. Thought is bad. I am bad because I am a white man.

True gender equality between womyn and sexists on council will not be achieved until Touque Gumboil's finacé gets a vote, too.

I am politically and environmentally correct—I recycle paper and ideas!

As usual the politically incorrect dinosaurs on city council are ruining everything. What will not turn out for the best, I ask you, if we only believe strongly enough and don't ask questions? That's how the magic works.

Ring ring dingalingaling

Seven readers telephoned the Ombudsman's office Tuesday but I was watching a soap opera; and I heard the ringing, the ringing, the mournful, pestering ringing, of the noisy instrument with buttons, the communication device on which emergency numbers are written. And the ringing, always the ringing, the ringing always, the ringing. And still the telephone rang. Dingalingaling. Dingalingaling. Ring, ring, ring.

I wanted to be a musician when I was a child. You don't care. You don't, damnit! That hurts me. Why will no one reach out and love me. I am not a bad person. Always the telephone rings. Love me.

I am the Flying Dutchman. You are the spinners' song. In my sleep I hear your voice ring. Dingalingaling.

I've looked at clouds from both sides now. I have seen a dubbed Scandanavian movie. I have eaten



Toilet Color

Ombudsman

Chunky soup with a spoon. It was Adam and maiden.

In the spring the telephone is always there, but I do not answer it any more. It is cold in the spring in Edmonton; we work at night, earning, yearning, tax returning, under electric light.

The telephone was a pipe of Pagan mirth, but the world had found new terms of worth. Dingalingaling.

It was many and many a year ago in a kingdom by the yellow pages, that a maiden there lived whom you may know by the name of... Damnit! Why will my poem not

rhyme?

The telephone rings. Love, Sex, Birth, Death, Infinity. Dingalingaling.

I am old, and all my yesterday's have lighted fools the way to telecommunications. Out, out brief rotary dialing system. It is a ring, full of sound and fury, signifying a telephone call.

Shall I compare thee to Bell Canada? Thou art more temperate, and rough winds do shake the darling buds of the receiver. Dingalingaling.

The telephone is lovely, dark, and deep. But I have a nudity show to peep. And 1-900 numbers to call before I sleep, and 1-900 numbers to call before I sleep.

Ring, it always rings, my love is like a fever. Dingalingaling. The disease nurseth a drink and a collect call from Boston. Dingalingaling. Life, death, infinity.

Letters

EDITOR: Ralph Strongam, 555-5220

Jurinal readers react, get older Canada has served these pioneers well over the years

Me and my wife came to Canada over fifty years ago, and we've enjoyed every minute of it. Yes, I recall that bright day, fifty years ago, when we made our way to Canada, there to live for the next fifty years.

Back in the time when I came to Canada (which was about fifty years ago), there weren't quite so many obstacles to coming to Canada. You sure didn't have to wait fifty years, that's for damn sure. Why, if I'd had to wait fifty years to come to Canada, I'd be just showing up yesterday, instead of fifty years ago, which was when I actually arrived.

Things were different then. Everything was about fifty years younger. Somethings that are less than fifty years old today weren't even around back then. Other things that are older than fifty years old now weren't nearly as old then as they are now. Take my wife. She must have been a good fifty years younger when she came to Canada with me, which must have been about fifty years ago, by my reckoning. Now she's the age she is now. So's everything else. Life's funny that way.

So I'd just like to sit back and say, "Thank you, Canada, for being here fifty years ago, when I arrived. Me and my wife. If you hadn't been here, I would have had to spend fifty years in the ocean or something."

Oh, and my dog Sparky. He's fifty-four years old, but he's only been alive for eight of those years.

Yep. Fifty years. Fifty clear-headed years.

Johnnas Beenbrayne
Edmonton

Expert reader not sheepish

After reading Edward Spumco's letter of April 12 (Sheep announcement enrages nursing community), I felt I had to respond.

I've been a nurse in a maternity ward for twenty-one years and never once have I ever seen any evidence of the kind of behaviour that the Sheep Commission asserts is commonplace in these wards. The wool allegations are completely false, and I can speak personally for the character of ward supervisor Clarice Sheppslaughterer when

I say that no sheep has ever come to any harm in the care of any of the nurses I have ever worked with or ever been, even when I'm dressed differently. The allegations of puppet misuse are completely fraudulent. Again, I draw on my considerable expertise in this area and as I hold a Masters degree in Foam Rubber, I believe I can speak with confidence.

But it's not simply the allegations that I find disturbing. It's how easy it was for the public just to fall in step with the Sheep Commission agenda, bleating along obediently. The Sheep lobby has too long held its sway in this city, so it seems that any attempt to speak out against them is tantamount to serving up a dinner of lamp chops with a side dish of mint jelly.

Though isn't lamb with mint jelly just about one of the best damn things in the world? It's sure better than sucking milk out of the transmission of a rusted-out '73 Chevy Malibu, I can tell you that much. And as I hold a Masters Degree in Milk Sucking, with a Minor in the cars of 1973, again I think I know of what I speak.

Clarice Bumba-bumba
Edmonton

I scream for underwear

Dear Editor,
I scream into the void of the working masses and I say, "Death to those who are NOT wearing underwear!"

I was then inspired to condemn the working masses for having holes in their socks and later no visible pubic hair. Now I scream at you, O *Jurinal*, and I launch my verbal assault against your terrible Extras. "You make this shit up!" Destroy the establishment with screams.

A fanatic with no real purpose in life.

Looking for life in all the wrong places

Dear Caring Editor,
I just broke up with my girlfriend the other day and I realised I have totally estranged myself from

all of my other friends through my constant adoration of her loveliness.

Now, I am without friends and I have no girlfriend. I could turn to other obsessions but quite frankly, nothing can get me over my last girlfriend. So I was hoping that you folks, being the information studs of Edmonton could set me up with one of your sisters.

What do you say?
Stud without a life.

Alert reader offers warning

Dear Editor,

Hi! I'm a terrorist of the "extreme prejudice" nature. I have left a bomb in several key points of the city. They will explode on the strike of midnight and Edmonton will be a shambles. The Armory will be robbed. The air bases will be occupied and you will fall under the mercy of myself and my compatriots.

Likely, however, you will be the arrogant bastards most media consist of and will disregard this warning. That's why you will be the first to die.

Boom!

Klown & Mosh are wreaking havoc

Dear Editor,

I just cannot believe the moral dilemma we have voted ourselves into. These days kids need positive role models and Premier Ralph and his naughty mistress Dimwit Mosh definitely do not fit the bill. They are commonly known for their vices of smoking and drinking. Neither have respected the temples of their bodies because they are so satanically bloated (like a three week dead corpse in my backyard). Neither attend church regularly.

What else can they be than damned to hell? And our kids look up to these debauched individuals. What we need is a just god to rule over us who loves those who love him with ritual bribing sessions and eradicate the evil sinners



Gratuitous Star Trek reference

like Mosh and Clown.

God grant us victory over the corrupting influences of the indecent politician. God, send us your immortal flesh so we may flay it to little pieces (like I did three weeks ago) and wait for you to resurrect.

Plus we have to get rid of the strippers. They're bad.

Thank you.

Signed somebody who has a rotting body in their backyard and prays every day for it.

Lotta words for little joke

Hey, you *Jurinal* readers out there! Don't let the inordinately long length of this parody letter deter you from sampling its comedy wares! Maybe you've been turned off by the blatantly juvenile humour that's been the backbone of most of this issue. Well, look no further for some high-grade wit, because here it is, all presented in convenient parody-letter format.

Yes, this looks too long to bother with. Why read something that looks like it'll take at least five minutes when there's so much you can get from a simple glance? The answer is simple: depth.

You see, it's easy to make a joke quickly, with just a few words. But here, with this lengthier letter, we have to room to develop some comedic ideas that all too often get the short shrift in the stampede for the quick gag. Here we offer you not just a laugh, but perhaps a bitersweet tear as well, and maybe even something you can take away with you to cherish and make part of your soul. It is the commitment to this form of humour, the laughter not only of the joke but of the prisoner freed from captivity, the parent first seeing the lost child, the quiet achievement of the lifelong dream—it is the commitment to all of these things that all of us at the *Jurinal* so strongly feel, and which impelled us to produce this precious bit of lengthy comedy for

you.

Now, perhaps it is possible that you're not finding this funny. Maybe it's boring you. Maybe you've stopped reading already, waiting for the quick joke. But you haven't, because you've just read this sentence. And you've just read this one as well. It is to all of you, you readers who search for something greater, something a little less coarse, maybe something a little more human, that we dedicate this shining piece of comedy writing.

And it is to you readers that we must now extend our most sincere regret, as there will be nothing very funny in this letter. We have lead you, and we have betrayed you, and for this we can never make adequate recompense. Perhaps it would have been better if this never had been printed, but it has been.

All we can hope to offer, then, is regret, and all we can hope to receive, but mercy.

A. Fake Name
Jurinal Publishers

One last dumb joke

I'd like to respond to the letter published in the April 15 issue of the *Jurinal* (Shit fuck ass-lickin' cocksucker). I am appalled at the use of so much profanity, and if anybody so much as thinks a cuss word I'll come over there and grind them a new fucking asshole with my...

Ah, what's the point. You've seen it before. The obvious joke, where somebody complains about profanity, and then indulges in it mercilessly. Big laugh, applause, curtain, and we'll tuck the joke away for next time. Another kid in grade seven chuckles, and everybody else just rolls their eyes and wonders why.

Well, I'll tell you why.

On second thought I don't wanna.

Bob McGraw
Spokesperson for Speaking
Persons of Edmonton

Can't get rid of me that easily

I'm in heaven

Life sure has gotten slower for me since the last time I appeared in *The Jurinal*.

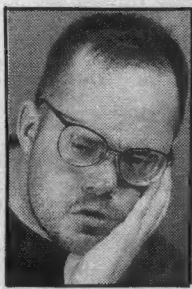
My drunken exploits with the university King are through, the *Old Rotgut* has dried up, and there's not much need to "just go for a walk" anymore.

Nope. Life has slowed right down.

Mavis and I just sit at home now. I have a jar where I put all of my belly-button lint. It's almost half full.

I have a poodle, too. His name is Spot. Mavis named him. Sometimes when Spot gets mad he has a little accident on the floor, then Mavis makes me clean it up. I hate cleaning up Spot's accidents.

I don't write much anymore. Don't need to.



Barry
Festergate

I remember when the boys at the track and I used to sit there and watch the horses. Boy those horses can sure run fast. We got pretty polluted down there at the track and telling endless stories about the track can sure fill the space. It's funny how when you set your mind to something you can usually accomplish what you do. Except if you're drunk and just can't remember.

What is happening

Things sure have changed here at *The Jurinal*. When I first started here, I forget which year that was, things were pretty much the same. Like the time we were drinking some of that smooth southern *Lima Heart* and had one too many. I remember falling, and then taking curling scores from the floor. Those were the days. Now they got fashion guys doing sports jobs. It makes me sick. It would almost drive a guy to drink if he didn't have so much damn lint in his belly-button.

For now I'm just sitting on the couch reading my *Jurinal*, thinking of quenching my thirst and feeling around my belly-button before taking the Harley for a ride around the block for a while. It sure feels good being retired. That damn dog keeps me busy enough.

Thursday Images



Jurinal photographer A. P. Laserfoto recently spent a fun-filled evening with Premier and all-round party favourite Ralph Clown. Woowee. Woo.

The Edmonton Jurinal

Thursday, April 15, 1993



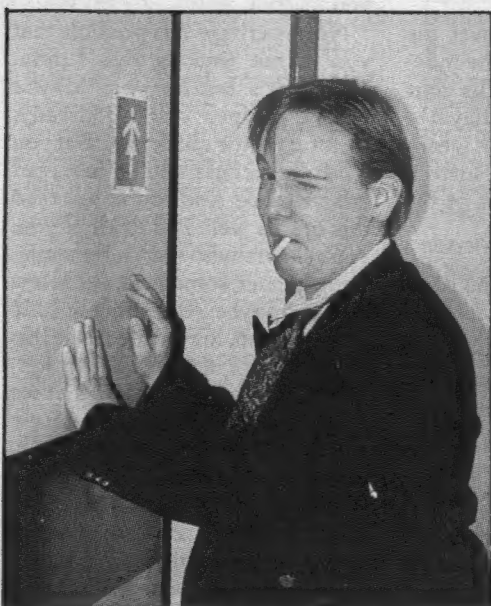
3:05 pm After a long day in the Legislature, the hard working leader prepares for a evening of relaxation.



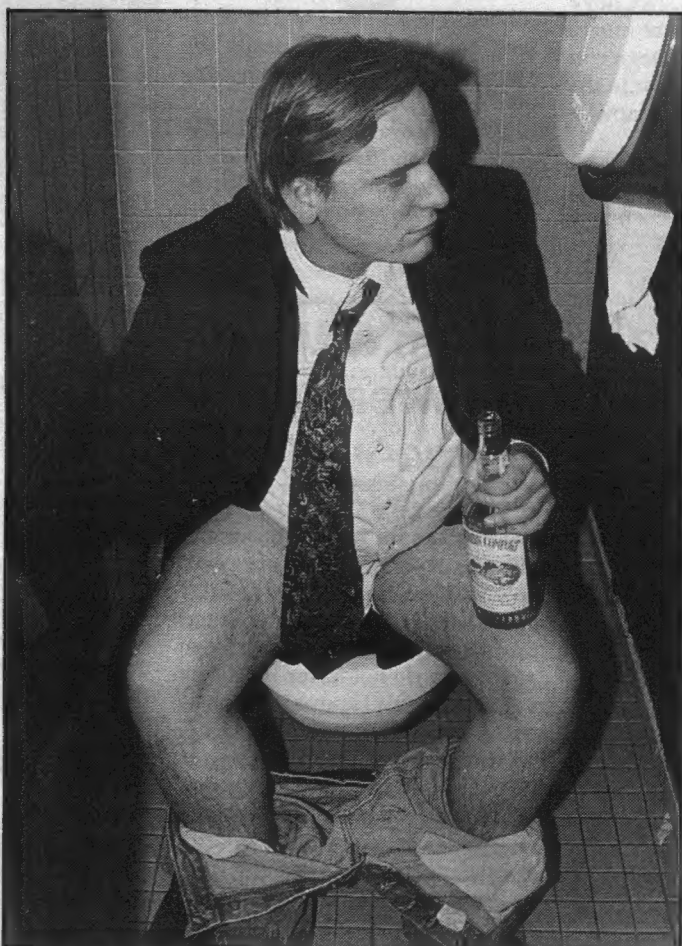
4:29 pm "You have to get out and meet the people," explains Clown, as he speaks to concerned constituents at a local bar.



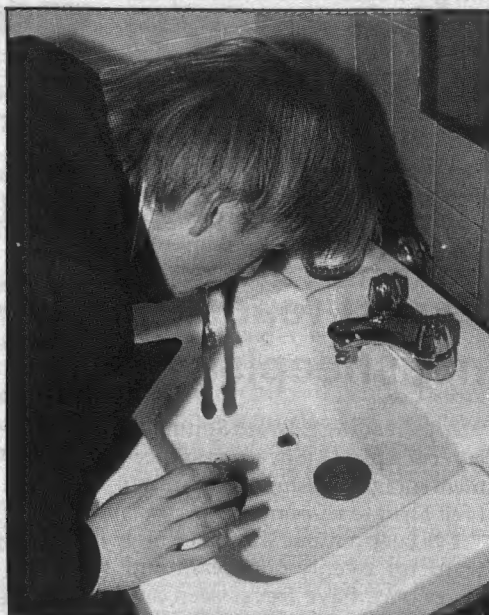
4:58 pm The premier is not only a hard player in politics, but at pinball as well.



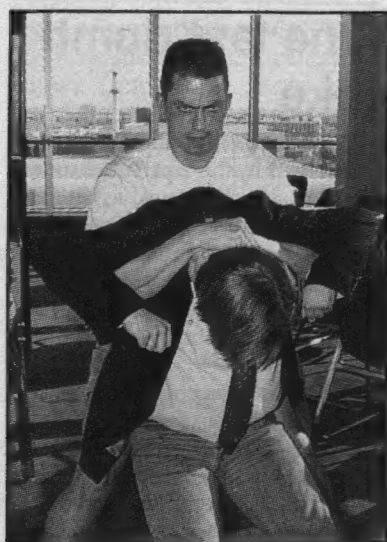
7:37 pm The Premier seeks relief



7:40 pm The Premier in a private, intimate moment. "I like a few beers, sure! What the fuck! I don't have to be some fuckin' stuck up shtickee beeeek jusht cuz I'm the Preem(sic)."



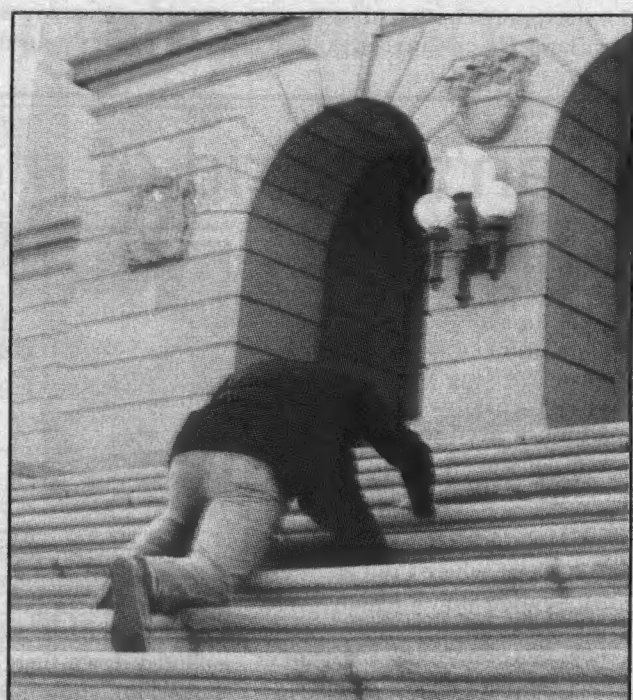
2:46 am Premier Clown, who suffers from ulcers, voids his stomach in a bar sink.



3:07 am Even the Premier of Alberta can overstay his welcome!



4:06 am A self-professed "hands-off" leader catches up on last week's news.



6:03 am The premier returns to the Legislature for another day of administration.

B ■ Blah/B4
■ Pooh/B8
■ More pooh/B2

City

EDITOR: All-in Slayer, 555-4893

STARTING AT 10PM

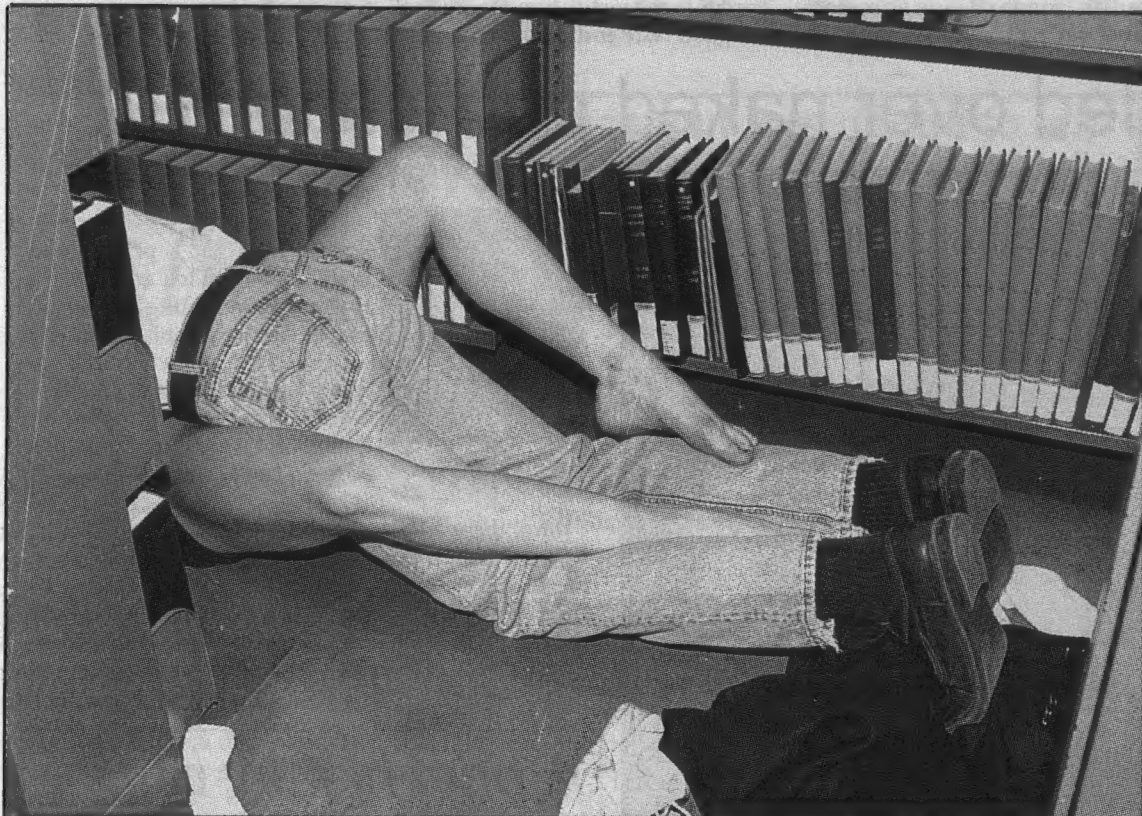
Stuff you can see

LAST
NEWS NOTV

The Edmonton Jurinal

Thursday, April 15, 1993

Students' union: Love and lust in the library



Fred Guccione The Jurinal

These two rascally students are taking a break from the monotony of studying. Amazing what a nubile, red-blooded couple in their early twenties are capable of! WOW!

Skaters no big urban deal



STIMPY

I love this town.

That's not just because this newspaper, in trying to garner an obviously more urbane image, hired me and my apparent talent away from some eastern town, but because the city here is so sophisticated.

Yes, you heard me right, Edmonton is one cosmopolitan town, but all too frequently the simple and ordinary folk who make up a mere ninety-five percent of the population make it appear as though this is just some prairie town populated almost entirely by civil servants.

This has to change. If we ever want to achieve the status as the "Toronto of the North," we have to encourage the counterculture scene in Edmonton.

The counterculture offers all big cities a certain rough hewn image, a seedy side, as it were.

When I talk about the counterculture, I'm not talking about all those chic Temple alternative posers and other trend sucking diletantes, but rather the skaters. That's right, the skateboarders are, in my eclectic and cerebral opinion, the true embodiment of rebelliousness. Those bell-bottom-wearing-soother sucking-pig-shaved-toque wearers are the future.

"Why, David," you might query "are you, an obviously overpaid and undertalented sophist, pin-

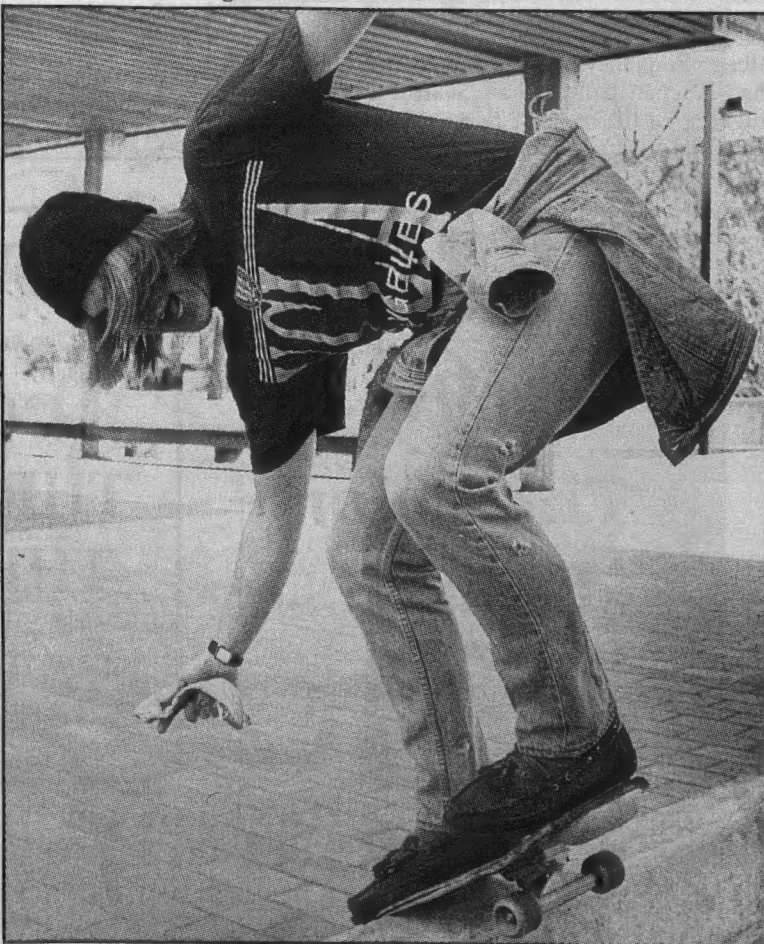
ning your hopes of a cultural renaissance in this quaint little burgh on the skaters."

Well, that's because skaters are sooo cool. Really. Think about it. Like all great writers and intellectuals of our day, skaters are from the suburbs, either Sherwood Park or Spruce Grove. They exude a badness and attitude one usually only finds in comic books. And they all live on the edge. It's not just anyone who can stare danger down and

jump over top a five inch Jersey Curb at the mall parking lot.

If we wish to build a city that can produce the Woody Allens and the David Mamets, we have to encourage the skater scene. So remember, when you see those little delinquent wannabes hanging out down at the mall or crashing into you at Klondike Days, bear in mind that skating is not a felony.

God I'm talented.



Don Spielberg The Jurinal

Skateboarding isn't really that metropolitan. Edmonton is a small pond full of small fish who think they're big fish

Tab Lloyd
Jurinal Stiff Writer

Edmonton

Men and women students casually share tables at the U of A libraries, where more than just books are exchanged. Body fluids of every kind are traded in these places of higher learning, while librarians look on in amazement at the techniques, powerless to stop the behaviour.

But students say the libraries are more than just "pick-up joints", as they're working to further their academic careers.

Horny students act out their fantasies in every corner imaginable at the University of Alberta's libraries. Popular places for "bonking and skronking" — studentspeak for having wild sex — include tables, elevators, book stacks, carrels and periodicals.

Rutherford Library has a complex network of regulations regarding who can style who on what floor and where. Grunge dressers (see Flare section) usually check out fourth or fifth floor for mating, while fraternity members are advised to head to third, or over to the all-niter Chinese library if they're swinging singles (or even if they're not). There are lots of great places to exchange meaningful glances, say students.

What if you really want to study? You may have a problem trying to find a seat at exam time, since most students are so stressed they need a sexual release and head to the libraries.

Nuke sub gets speeding ticket

Angry driver to pay \$100 fine

Heavy Flow
Jurinal Stiff Whiner

Edmonton

The driver of a 32-wheeler carrying an \$800 million Periscope Udeux class nuclear submarine was fined \$75 for violating legal freight weight on the Yellowhead highway.

Driver Joe Smith, thrice divorced father of five and two-time regional shuffle puck champion, said the submarine was a special delivery from Conspiracy Construction Ltd. to a secret Vancouver naval base called the Facility for Clandestine Nuclear Submarines but had no idea the sub was nuclear. He has to pay the fine.

"I am just a patsy," said Smith who insisted he felt a special duty to liberate the poor land-locked submarine for a briefcase full of money.

The officer who gave the ticket asked his name not be used because he was staying in the prime minister's spa of the Edson Riviera Hotel right now as a part of his "on the run from the Canadian Secret Intelligence Service assassins" tour. He was eating deviled eggs with paté and caviar to help calm his ulcer in this stressful time of fleeing when the Jurinal spoke to him. He said the truth must not come out.

"I quite honestly thought I had finally snagged an illegal whale

Med students could try Med-Sci library if they're up early, or anybody who wants to pretend they're really going to get a job after graduation can go over to Cameron for an intense encounter with a book and another nerd.

But enough about learning at a post-secondary institution...these students have more pressing concerns like where to get laid and drunk on the weekend.

The Law Library has a secluded elevator perfect for a "quickie" (more studentspeak), secluded but still dangerous, say students with first-hand experience.

Janitors say there have recently been a great increase in the number of condoms and used underwear they have found in U of A buildings that are open late at night.

An exclusive Jurinal survey recently revealed that an appalling 29 per cent of University students are sexually active.

Sociologists and prudish puritans say Alberta's students should look to foreign universities' examples of hard work and quit having sex in elevators.

But students say the encounters give them a much needed break from their otherwise onerous schedules of studying.

Jurinal staff writers, however, chose not to interview anyone who actually does work at the University of Alberta. Look for a special section in next Thursday's paper on sex at the U of A's Students' Union — it's a hotbed of scandal!

"I quite honestly thought I had finally snagged an illegal whale poacher."
— Fleeing Officer.

poacher... It's not my fault I fell asleep during the morning briefing!"

Smith said if he had known the submarine was Canada's first nuclear sub armed with Wide-spread Attack Sortie multi-tonne Energy missiles he would have gone for a beer first.

"If I had known it was a WASTE I would have gone at night."

Conspiracy Construction said transporting a sub with 200 WASTE warheads (each capable of destroying the world ecosystem) designed by their sister company Warheads Anonymous was hardly illegal but a contract that reaffirmed the commitment of government to find jobs for the unemployed.

"Our friends in government are even now passing legislation to legally transport secretly built nuclear submarines anywhere in Canada," said an unnamed spokesperson.

By the way, there was a massive CSIS cover up, BIG tax scandal, and massive radiation leaks into your water, air and food supply. Boil everything before you eat it or die.

Good clean fun or blatant obscenity?

University struggles to find solution to great balls of controversy

Stories by
OFFDA MARK
Journal Staff Writer

Edmonton

What started as a campus tempest in a jockstrap has blown into a malestrom of controversy over the publication of a contentious photograph in the *Getaway* student newspaper.

The December 10 issue carried a photograph depicting a man, frontally nude, with the headline "Buck Naked!" In the interests of selling papers, *The Journal* has decided to reprint the offending portrait, even though it was first published several months ago.

A few indignant protests that began the day after its initial publication turned into a deluge of complaints from anti-nudity

groups, politicians, professors, and the university's Bored of Governors.

But despite efforts to massage feelings and cum up with a campus-made solution, the *Getaway* controversy went beyond the university's grasp when the National Anti-Nudity Association charged the newspaper under Canadian Criminal Code's obscenity laws, saying the photograph was

disgusting and calling its publication "yucky."

The obscenity charge is only the latest in a series of skirmishes the paper has endured over the past 12 weeks.

At a Bored of Governors meeting January 8, university president Pal Davendork slammed the naked guy as offensive and inappropriate for an institution committed to good taste and penile implants.

For its part, *The Getaway* has published a statement saying the photograph has been misinterpreted and was barely even sexy, never mind sexually-deviant.

For its part, the court of Queen's Bench has said it will have to study the photograph very carefully, perhaps in a dark room with a bottle of wine, late at night. Mmmm, that feels good. Mmmm.

Observers deeply divided over naked publication

Publication of a naked penis Dec. 10 in the U of A student newspaper *The Getaway* has sparked fierce debate.

That debate has grown hotter and heavier during the past 12 weeks and has provoked charges and counter-charges of poor taste and poor fashion sense.

With the recent charges under the Canadian Criminal Code, the naked guy has entered the public domain.

As a matter of public interest, *The Journal* is reprinting the photograph, neither condemning nor condoning its content.

Along with this, we sought the opinions of a number of interested parties. Here, in part, is what they said:

Louis Pierre, proprietor of Chez Louis, a local burlesque house:

"Personally, I go for the ladies, you know. The naked men, they don't draw the crowds, eh? So I don't know why *The Getaway* would waste its time on a naked guy. It don't sell papers, you know? Should've got a woman, for sure. Naked guys don't sell. Plus they can't dance."

Robert Fullofhimself, arbiter of all that is true and good in journalism:

"Well, I've never heard of *The Getaway*, and I wasn't aware of the naked guy scandal until just now when you mentioned it, but with the ten seconds I've had to think about it, I'd have to say with unequivocal conviction that this is the most deplorable, unpardonable, immoral thing that any paper has ever published anywhere."

I call for the resignations of the editor, the photographer, the naked guy, that guy laughing his head off beside him, the Students' Union, and anybody who read the paper. It's worse than *Playgirl*. Well, actually the last issue was actually pretty good, they had a guy in a bunny suit, for Easter you know. But it's worse than they usually have in *Playgirl*. Way worse."

Jim Dandy, president of Men Against Nudity:

"This is a clear-cut case of public nudity, and obviously we are totally opposed to that. These people at

John



Fullofhimself

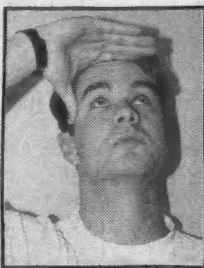


Photo reproduced without permission of *The Getaway*

the University of Alberta think they can just walk around naked. Well, they're wrong. If the University had any balls at all, it would suspend that guy and the laughing fool beside him. Being naked is *not* funny.

"People should wear clothes. It's more natural."

Francine Fancier, president of ManWatchers of North America:



Pierre

I don't really see what the problem is. He's got a pretty good body, nice stomach area. He's a reasonably well-hung individual. Maybe if he was scabby or chubby or something, then I could see complaining. But he's alright. I would sue the photographer, though, if I were him. Looks like he got a bad bounce."

John, the waiter at the old Pasta Mill:

What? Naked guy? Never heard of it. What do you mean I don't get a tip unless I give you a quote? Fine. It's smut, okay? *The Getaway* is bad, okay? Let me see the picture anyway. Hey, he's kind of cute. Can I change my answer? Do you have his phone number?

A brief history of twisted naked people

Naked people have been plaguing civilization for thousands of years.

First there was Adam and Eve. They were naked, and look what they did. They went and ate that apple and caused the downfall of humankind. Not even fig leaves could save them.

And look at all the naked people on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Naked people, all over the place. Corruption in the Catholic Church. Mount Cashel. Altar boys. Naked people in the church. See a connection?

How about that Lady Godiva. Riding that horse without any clothes on. She didn't have any clothes on, and neither did the horse. Nothing covering them but their hair. The result? Tax revolt. Naked aggression, that's what it was.

And all that streaking in the sixties. Naked people all over the place. Look at all the civil unrest. John F. Kennedy gets assassinated. Then Robert Kennedy. Martin Luther King, Jr., too. Coincidence? Yeah right.

Not to mention the strippers. Taking their clothes off for money. Wrong, wrong, wrong. Being naked is wrong.

Just think of yourself. How were you born? Naked. How did you turn out? Stupid.

See?

Thank you

to all the student volunteers who gave their time, knowledge & patience to the Community Volunteer Income Tax Program.

Special Congratulations to:

Emi Bossio & Katrina Haymond, volunteers at SFAIC who were recipients at the Students' Union Involvement & Gold Key Awards Night.

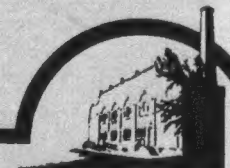


Student Financial Aid
and Information Centre

APRIL

15,16,17

"The Color Black"



NORTH POWER PLANT
RESTAURANT
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LIVE MUSIC WILL

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For more information
call 492-3101

Directly behind
Dentistry/Pharmacy

Q ■ God examined/Q4
■ My toes examined/Q8
■ My mind examined/Q2

Life

EDITOR: CommanderThroat, 555-4893

The Edmonton Jurinal

Thursday, April 15, 1993

Lake Wabamun Days

The Life Diarrheas

Canadian hero Stevedore Fontanel is serving a few weeks in an institution for the behaviorally confused. He was neglected as a child, can't get a break from society, and accidentally got caught. He is sharing the record of his barbaric treatment at the hands of a totalitarian government with Jurinal readers.

My face is shrouded with the deepest guilt. I know, as do you, that I would never, ever, do that again. I have learned my lesson. Life as a client of Alberta's correctional system is sheer hell.

Last week I was playing basketball with some of the guys in one of the gymnasiums. The stereo was set up, with speakers in all four corners of the court, and I thought we could get some good hype music going.

Boy, was I ever wrong!

I like top 40 rock and roll but most of the other guys like country. We took a vote and, worst luck, Garth Brooks won six votes to four! I know, sheer hell.

**"The policeman threatened to tell my parents, so I lied and said my name was Chelsea Clinton."
—Stevedore Fontanel**

Probably that's why my team lost and we had to sneak out and buy the cigarettes.

Although I am sure it is against the Geneva conventions, our keepers have decided that we ought to work for our lodgings and meals. Manual labour too—sheer hell! Can you believe that? I was a national hero. Now I am Lucifer, exiled from Heaven by a vengeful God. Someone call the John Howard Society, or Amnesty International.

Last Friday we went to Lake Wabamun Provincial Park to chop wood. It was kind of boring, so me and some of the guys decided to chase after the guards with axes. We were just kidding, of course, and I think the humour was appreciated. Later we used an old stump and a blindfold to play "Wives of Henry VIII." But the time passed slowly and it was sheer hell.

Finally it was lunch time. The guards lit a cooking fire and we roasted weenies and marshmallows. I was thirsty but the cooler was packed with Pepsi, no Coke. So I sat at the fire eating my hot dog with a dry mouth. Life as a client is no picnic in the park.

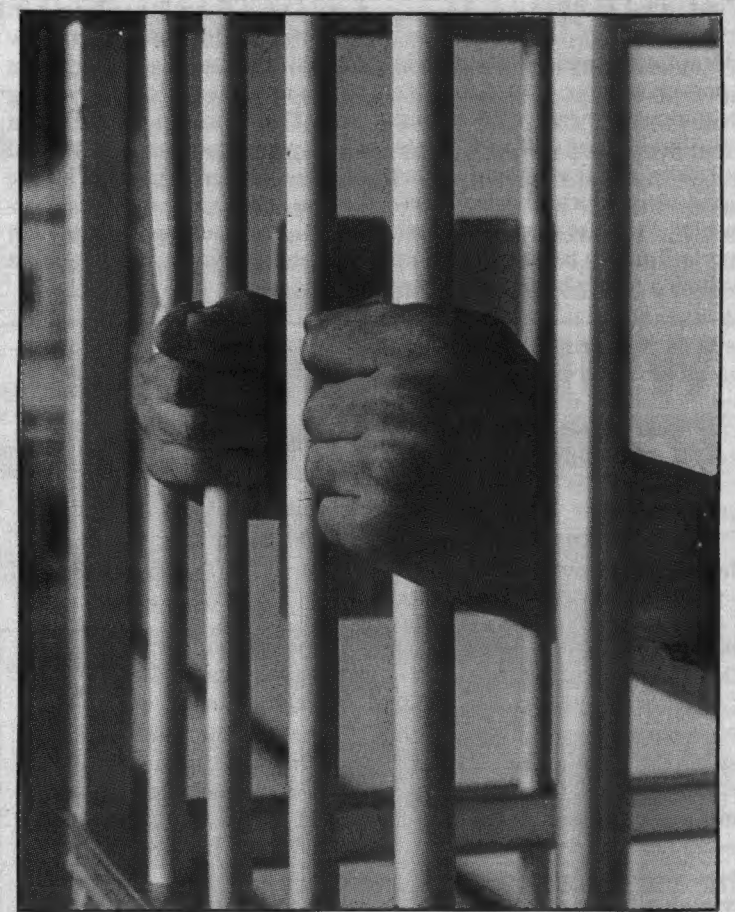
Things got a little silly after lunch.

We decided to have a real fire. Quickly we threw all of the logs into the pit but they did not catch at first. So we stopped a car and siphoned out the gasoline. You should have seen the flames. Sheer Hell!

Since we had accidentally burnt the axe handles, some of the guys managed to open twelve or thirteen cabins nearby, just looking for something to do. They found some fishing rods and we decided to try some late season ice fishing. We caught whitefish and pike, and, suddenly feeling guilty for borrowing the equipment, we left our copious bounty in the cabins. A nice little Victoria Day surprise, we hope.

The rest of the day was uneventful, except for the high speed chase on the way back. I was allowed to drive "for old times sake," and this time I was clever enough not to brake for the checkstop. The van could only reach 160 km/h so eventually I was forced to pull over. I was nervous for a second, but then one of the guys passed me a fake I.D. Suddenly I was 11 years old. The policeman threatened to tell my parents, so I lied and said my name was Chelsea Clinton.

The sad thing is this is all so un-



Tim Carstairs The Jurinal

Stevedore Fontanel exposes his hangnails. Rodney King II?

fair. I mean, I didn't hurt anyone, did I? Four spells of bad luck and they want to put me away. Sheer hell. I knew I should have stuck to the back roads.

I have almost served one-tenth of my sentence so I expect to be pa-

roled any time now. I'm really excited because I hear a new Don Cherry's has opened on Jasper Avenue. How about Saturday night, my treat? Just hope my scholarship money from the University of Alberta arrives on time.



This lovely post-modernrendition of renaissance art surely speaks for itself. Photo P.Pit

Tattoos! Tattoos!

And Hervé Villachez is nowhere to be seen

by Clam Tipnovské
Jurinal Trends Writer
Edmonton

Well, it's summer again and, as in every newseason here in the *Life* section, we feel that it is time to go on endlessly about some insignificant trend of those scary little devils we call Generation X.

This time it's not body-piercing, liposuction, or simply not wearing pants. No, siree.

This time we're going to go on about tattoos. And what a thing, indeed!

Imagine sitting in a chair in some poorly-lit, unsterilized place, while a man of questionable origin and unquestionable crime record grins like a dervish as he sends thousands of tiny ink-filled pins into your ass. Your HIV risk has just quadrupled and you feel like hurling in the back alley. Madly you stumble into the street, drool flowing down your chin.

Well, America's 13th Gen doesn't need to imagine any of this, because for them, this is reality!

We conjecture that more than six out of thirty-eight youth under the age of twenty has now participated in this pagan debauchery.

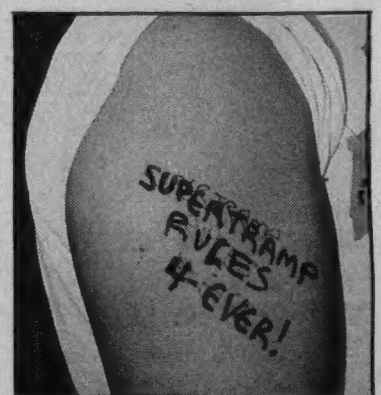
And why not?

It's cool. It's trendy. It's permanent.

So, dear *Life* readers, enjoy this little look into the world of today's youth because, and I'll be quite honest with you here, it's early in the morning and I've been up all night listening to the *Smiths* and I just feel like taking a gun and blowing my stupid ass head off because life, not *Life*, sucks and I can't go on.

Who even cares what I think, anyway? I'm sure you don't. Bastards.

That's it, I'm holding the gun to my head. I'm pulling the tri-



Who could deny it?

Everyone is just so 'concerned' these days

Dear Clam Blanders. My daughter is a twenty-one year old university student and still lives at home. She dates a young man from the wrong side of the tracks named Squidd. Well, ever since Squidd entered her life, her academics and morality have gone down the drain. She'd rather go out with him than to church, and her GPA has slid from 8.9 to 8.7! I'm just so confused. God forbid they should ever kiss, or... or even worse! How can I rid my little baby of this wretched home-wrecking Devil worshipper? - Concerned Mother

Dear Concerned: Although it is important to give your daughter freedom, just remember that as long as she lives under your roof, she is your slave. As far as Squidd is concerned, simply forbid her from seeing him. I'm sure her marks and piety will return to your expected levels. It's tough being a mother,



Clam Blanders

Advice

but as long as you rule with an iron fist, order will prevail.

Ms. Blanders, I notice you are not married. Neither am I. How would you like to have long, wet evenings in the pool of our new found love. Later we can go swim naked in my ice cold polar spring pool. Then you can tell me about all of your problems and I'll nod like I'm concerned. I will be the best husband a virgin such as yourself could possibly ever have. I will even cheat on you to give you first

hand experience to use for your column counselling. My political leanings are towards cheese doodles and mega-corporations that produce coke on the side. Even so, I am your dream match. I also must add that I am clinically deaf. Would you learn sign language for our love? I know I could learn to read your luscious lips for the rest of eternity. - An Ardently Concerned Admirer

Dear Concerned: I cannot return your passion for fear of compromising my credibility in a world bereft of living examples of a morality that no longer applies to anyone not born during the Great War. My loins ached to read your letter though which I have tastefully edited here. Please continue to write me and love me from afar. There is no other way, O valiant spirit of love and minister to my masturbatory solitude.

Ms. Blanders, I'm so bewildered. It's about my toilet paper. I was having sex on the bathroom floor the other afternoon, when my lover, Karl, looked up and proclaimed

"Mon dieu! Le papier de toilette est incorrect!" Now I try and be as politically correct as possible, but I'm at a loss in the world of personal anal hygiene products. Should the paper go over or under the roll? Dear God, HELP ME! - One Concerned Man

Dear Concerned: It's really up to you, but whatever you decide is right, make sure and do the opposite.

Dear Clam Blanders. I am a reasonably attractive and confident young white male for whom everything seems to be working out, except for a problem I've recently developed. Living where I do, where the air is very dry, I have to blow my nose quite a bit. For the last year and a half, however, every time I void my nostrils, those damn little oysters end up on my chin or on my collar. It's so embarrassing! I've tried everything, including not voiding at all, but then I have to breathe through my mouth and man o man o man o man I get REALLY thirsty. I could just die, Clam. Help me! - Con-

cerned "Jay Brown" from Edmonton

Dear Concerned: What the Hell planet are you from?

Clam, give me some advice here? Sometimes? When I ride the bus? Like, there's these fat guys? And they sit on me. Like what do, eh? Huh?

Concerned About Fat Guys?

Dear Concerned: How can you be so selfish? Fat people are people too. Just because my picture here was taken in 1957, doesn't mean that I haven't gained a little, you insolent snot-goblin. I mean, shiiiiit. Stick it up your skinny crappy ass, you selfish punk. I don't give a crap about your daughter's toilet's nose anyway. Just give me a pit full of monkeys and a shotgun any da-

EDITOR'S NOTE: CLAM BLANDERS WILL NOT BE APPEARING IN THE JURINAL IN THE FUTURE. HER TWIN SISTER'S COLUMN, DEAR SCABBY, WILL BE REPLACING HERS NEXT ISSUE.

WHEN YOU ARE READY TO QUIT

Some things are just not natural. You know what we are talking about. Those feelings of guilt, of waste, of emptiness... You want to stop...but can't! Let us help you.

Men who beat, beaten: Their own shocking stories

"The priests warned me that I would go blind. I just didn't have enough strength to resist the evil pleasure. At least Playboy in Braille won't get me in any trouble."

—Stevie Wonderbra

"I will be honest. I just plain ran out. Say Goodnight, Gracie"

—George Burnt

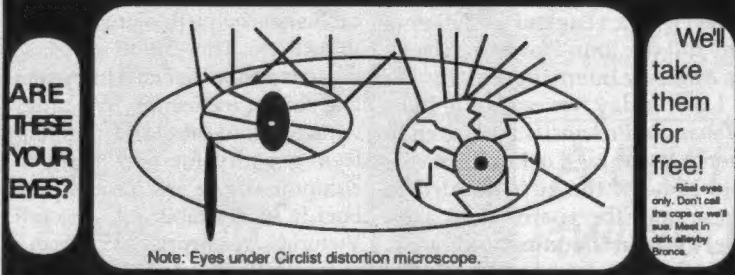
"I thought the hair growing on my hand was due to the nuclear power plant next door. I was so naive."

—Wolfman Jackoff

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You have tried cold showers. Crossing your legs. Clothes pins. Now there is a solution which relies upon computer technology. LIFEslime's unique four-step program will have you ejaculating at the most embarrassing moments. Soon you will be shamed into stopping. A bargain at just \$34,200.00.

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Fixed eyes only. Don't call the cops or we'll sue. Blind in dark alley by chance.

Sensitive issues discussed here



Dr. Phil Griffith

Trees

Dear Dr. Griffith: it seems that I have developed a malignant tumor over my left eye. This would normally be OK, but I am, of course, involved in the food service industry, where aesthetics are of maximum priority. What should I do? - C.M.

Answer: I would recommend seeing a cancer specialist. Malignant tumors are more than just unsightly inconveniences, they are indicators of something more serious. I think.

What's up, Doc? Anyway, it seems that I'm growing a big unsightly bump out of my forehead, over my left eye. Like, and I'm a model, so that sucks, y'know. What should I do? - B.B.

Answer: Well, I'm not really sure, but maybe go see a doctor.

Dr. Griffith: I have noticed small, painful sores all over my chest and neck regions. I have several children, and am concerned that they are contagious. Should I worry? - L.Y.

Answer: I'm not really sure, actually. They sound disgusting.

Dear Doc: Whenever I douche, small vermin emerge from my vaginal tract. I don't think that this is normal, but am I just being silly? - C.W.G.

Answer: Gross! That's unbelievably repulsive. Man, this job sucks.

93/94 Student Loan Application Forms have arrived for the following provinces:

Ontario
Quebec
Nova Scotia

Loan forms may be picked up M - F, 8:30 - noon
1:00 - 4:30



Student Financial Aid
and Information Centre

302G SUB
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From Vancouver

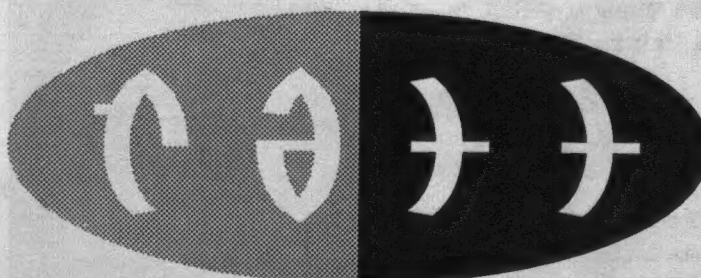
S • O • L
(Spice Of Life)

with guests

VIRTUAL REALITY

FRIDAY APRIL 16

SATURDAY APRIL 17

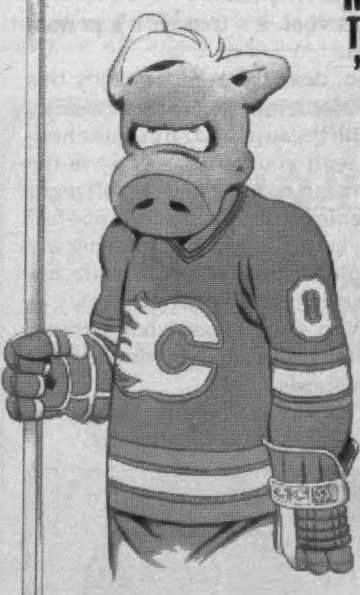


ROOM AT THE TOP

NAKED NIGHT ON SATURDAY!
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CEREBUS ALBERTA BOUND

MINI-TOUR '93



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APR 15 - BB'S SPORTS CARDS
2189 N. CHIMOOK CENTER
9455 MACLEOD TRAIL ST. 648-1338

APR 16 - ANOTHER DIMENSION
324-10TH STREET NW 283-7878



EDMONTON

APR 17 - OUTLAND
8751 98TH STREET
(WESTVIEW PLAZA) 958-0110

APR 17 - WARP TWO COMICS & GAMES
12863 97TH STREET 476-7767

APR 18 - WARP ONE COMICS & GAMES
10322 81ST AVENUE 433-7119

B ■ Dear Flare/B4
 ■ Trivial Bullshit/B8
 ■ Waste of paper/B12

Flare

EDITOR: Green Blazer, 555-none of your goddamn business. Leave me alone.

For all Your Grunge Needs at
Salvation Army
 Boutique

The Edmonton Journal

Thursday, April 15, 1993

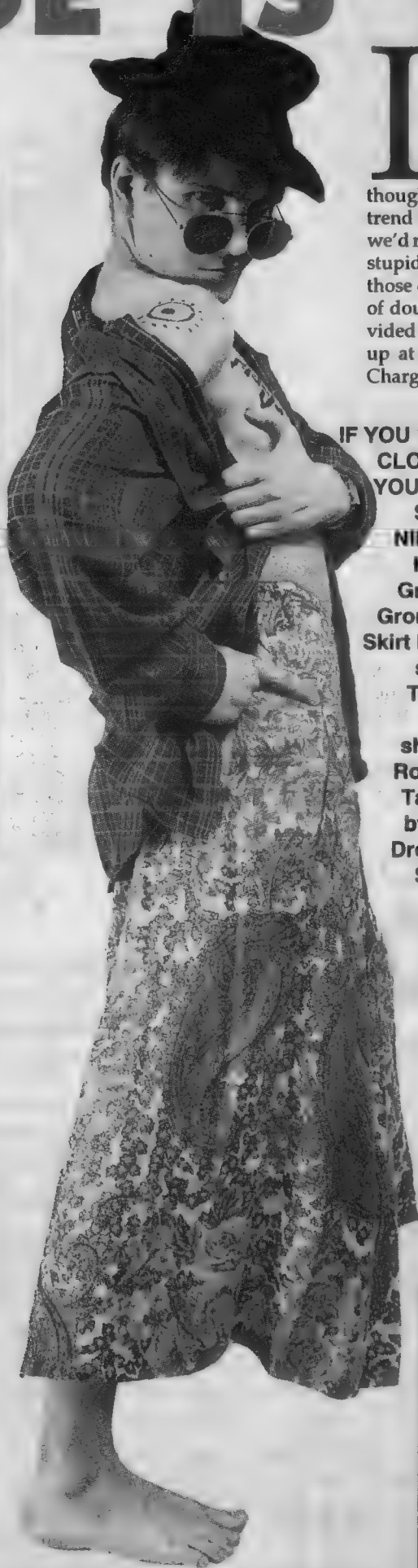
GRUNGE IS BACK!

In an incredible comeback, grunge has returned to brighten Edmonton's fashion scene! After a brief hiatus, last week's hottest trend has once more returned to the fashion runways of New York and Milan. So it must be cool. And it's not just for high-fashion models anymore, either! Even punks and poor people have caught on to the hype. Although we here at Flare haven't the foggiest idea what this fashion trend is all about, it seems awfully popular right now, so we thought we'd rush yet another feature on this exciting new style. It sure looks stupid, but, hey, a few trendy designers are making a killing. So for those of you who are shallow and brainless enough to spend loads of dough on pre-ripped jeans and stupid-looking hats we've provided a few examples of the kinds of outfits that will get you picked up at trendy clubs and screwed in the backseat of some guy's Charger. Hey, it's a living.

BEDTIME FOR BONZO: P.J.'s by Colt Renfrew, Long Underwear by Fruity Blooms, Boots by Equilibrium Cardinal, Hat by George, Hair by The Francoise Luigi Boris Smith Group, Coffee Stains by the Strathcona Asshole Factory.



IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY YOU CAN SEE A NIPPLE: Hat by Grapple Grommet, Skirt by his sister, Trendy plaid shirt by Rodney, Tattooz by Zoz, Drool by Steve.



EIDERDOWN CHIC: Parka by Rodney Gitzel's World, Denim jacket by the Chasm, Bra by Wondertits, Scarf by Divine Pretentions, Navel by her mom.



RETRO BITCHY: Pre-worn denim outfit by Some Snotty Boutique, Headgear by Molly McPoos, Snotty Expression by Model, Hair by Spuz n' Monkeys.

COME TO MAMA: Headgear by Fruity Blooms, Sequined Pantsuit by Suzie Headcheese, Sunglasses by Freekz!, Platform heels by Spuzfest, Perfume by Alfred Scum, Condom by Rubbermaid.



I'M NO LEZZIE, BUT: Cap by Who Gives A Flying Fuck, Dress by Pam, Shoes by Tupperware. What a babe, hey?

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Dear Flare:

DEAR FLARE: I am a man. And as a man, I have male needs. And yet I am sad. For you see, there are no men's bras that I know of. Yes, we have gone through the 'eighties. Men can be sensitive. Men can care. Men can even have babies. Yet a man cannot wear a bra. No. No bra. So I implore. . .no, I beg you. Tell me where I can find a Man's Bra? Thank you. Sob. - Terence F., Edmonton

ANSWER: Retro goes only so far mister. What is your brain made of — spuz? Sensitive New Age Guys went out with polo shirts and leg warmers. Go to the nearest gym, buy some steroids, shoot them as soon as possible and get your life in order. You need to get laid.

DEAR FLARE: I am kind of short and funny looking and I was wondering what I can wear to make me tall and glamorous like one of them models you got on the front page all the time. My favorite color is purple. — Geraldine, Nisku

ANSWER: Sorry, we can't do anything for you. Our only suggestion is that you join a convent and spend the day singing "How do you solve a problem like Maria?" until short and funny looking comes into vogue.

DEAR FLARE: My friend says that the "grunge" look really originated with poor people and then



My parents went to the Betty Ford Clinic and all I got was this lousy T-shirt!

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moved into the punk wardrobe. She has the audacity to say that it did not begin on the runways of New York and that fashion moguls are manipulating the unsuspecting masses into buying low grade clothing in the belief that they are following a legitimate fashion trend. I say she's full of bunk. What do you say? — Mindy, Ork

ANSWER: It's people like your friend who undermine the very fabric of the fashion industry. Report her to your nearest fashion police. She'll be banned from the Black Hog forever.

DEAR FLARE: Does this hat make my ass look fat? — Larry, Los Angeles

ANSWER: No, but that colour makes you look like a whore.

DEAR FLARE: I have absolutely enormous breasts. I mean humungo — big breasts. We're talking a pair of Hindenbergs, here. I've only once in my life been able to find a bra that fits comfortably and makes my huge breasts look perky. I found this bra at a small store in Hinton, Alberta that has since closed down. The brand name is "Big 'Uns" and the size is 38ZZ. Would you be able to help me find this brand again? — G. W., Beaumont.

ANSWER: Get them reduced! Don't you know that big breasts went out of style ages ago? Get a grip woman.

DEAR FLARE: On a recent trip to Milan I found a jumpsuit that I absolutely adore. It's silk with linen insets. The washing instructions are in Italian and I can't understand them. How should I wash it? – Persephone, St. Albert

ANSWER: How the hell should we know. We're just a bunch of bitchy malcontents who couldn't get jobs in the newsroom. We haven't got a clue about the fashion industry, we live in hick town Alberta. Besides, how should we know how to wash linen and silk, we can't afford real cotton never mind your fancy-smancy Italian fabrics...you snotty little bitch.

Flare hates to hear from readers. If you have a Dear Flare question, send it to someone who gives a flying fuck. We're getting real jobs and real lives. We suggest that all you losers do the same.



Jagers

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Receive an incredible 20% discount off the student price of all mens and ladies hairstyling and aesthetics services.

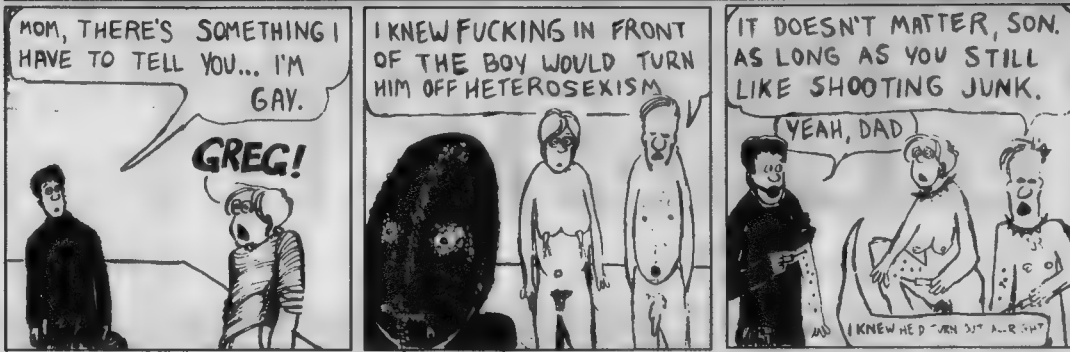
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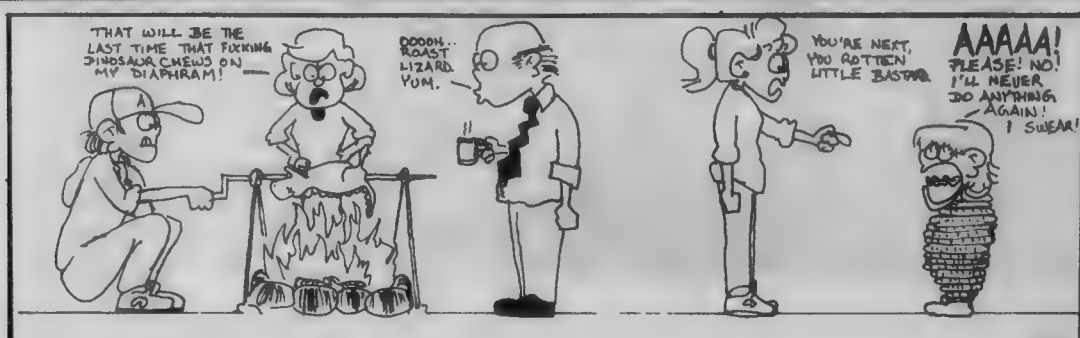
'NUTZ IN DA HOOD



ONE BIG CRASH



FUX TRUT



The Bedtime Drivel

The Prince's Quest

Once upon a time there was a brave, if not well-hung, Prince. He came from the Kingdom of Krumder, in fact, he came all over the Kingdom of Krumder. Now the Prince of Krumder had several worries at hand.

Firstly, his father, the King of Krumder, was ailing, and the poor Prince was only seventeen. What would happen if his father died? The Prince did not want to think about that!

Secondly, the Prince, although well-hung and handsome, had a bit of a self-confidence problem. This, of course led to the third and final problem. The Prince had not yet gotten laid.

"Go, my son. Travel the globe and get your rocks off."

"But dear father, what if you should die?"

"My son, some things are more important than others. I'd say getting boned is up there."

And so, the Prince set off. He travelled through many forests, over many canyons, between many hills, and through ample bush.

Presently, he arrived at the peak of a very tall ski hill, which was not yet a ski hill, but would be some day. At the apex of this hill was a very beautiful cabin, and the warmth almost spewed from within. He dismounted his beast. He withdrew his sword. Slowly, forcefully, he entered.

The door moaned as he poked his

head in. The room was all pink inside and a sweet, almost pungent breeze blew about his body. He probed around in this warm, wet chamber, poking now and then with his sword. The fireplace was lit and he felt good.

At the far end of the room was a wedge-shaped furry rug. Oh, it looked nice. He rubbed his face along its length, only then noticing the fantastic food at the foot of it. He moved his face down and tasted it with the tip of his tongue. How wonderful it was! The sweet folds of delicious meat gave way to his probing fingers, and he listened to the tempting, juicy sounds come from within, exploring its delicate contours. He could resist no longer. His mouth met the warm stuff and he swallowed deeply of its Godly liquid. He had never before had such lovely nectar flow down his cheeks.

It was then he realized that he was not alone, but in fact shared the room with a dazzling Princess, dressed only in a tight, black teddy. Her breasts greeted him with a perky "hello!", and her strong silky thighs beckoned him towards her. Her hair was long and black, and splashed over her bare shoulders like a waterfall of liquid onyx.

So, yeah, he dinked her. "Well my son, have you succeeded in your quest?", his Kingly father of Krumder asked him later. "Gh...h...h..." he replied.

THE BIZARRE SIDE

THE SIDE BIZARRE



SMEGMAWORD

FUCK YOU, BEGGAR

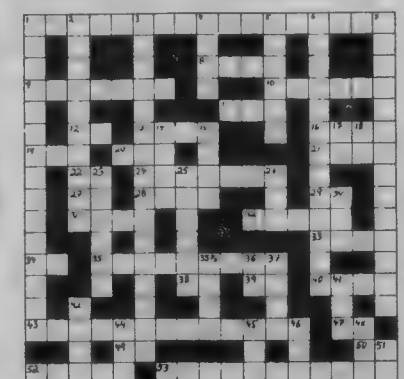
By CAP'N DICK
1 DOWN TO 10: All the words listed below appear in the puzzle. Not vertically, horizontally, diagonally, or backwards. Find the letters N and K. D. whole pieces of crap up your stupid ass. The left over letters spell the Smeqma word. THINGS ON EARTH
Z O C R A P B U T T S
O K R U L L N E W T
Z O O U C H L T A B
O E M U C L A T T I
U U B T E E N R C T
N L I R M Q D O H E
D B L O A T M N E M
S H I T H E A D S E
E A T M Y A S S E T
E M M I A O T J U 2
D I N K F U C K E R
C U N T B R E A T H

ACROSS
1 Don't shoot (L)
4 Campus Newspaper
5 A kind of snake
11 In the hole
12 Smeqma laughter
13 Lines cuts, strangely enough
16 South Indian garb
19 Gail, or Abortion
20 Play (abbrev.)
21 Tail tale
22 Where mushrooms grow
24 A man the Intellectual
27 Kind of error
28 Excuse mail
29 A note to follow SEW
30 Use 1A, not 23D
32 Student journalist
33 Where you learn about sex
34 Tulon
35 Concubine
36 Responses to accusations of inappropriateness
38 Reason for 35A
40 Wife mentioned in that Barney M song
42 The TRUTH about RATT (L)
43 Thanks
48 Opposite of off
50 Nelson Rockefeller
52 You'd think it would flush
53 One of our mamas
DOWN
1 Acheretic attitude (L)
2 Progressive Conservatism
3 Possible result of 1A
4 Campus Newspaper
5 O! becom
6 A self-defending term 5 syllables
7 787th Ave. from 108th to 111th Street
14 A delicate insect
15 Life giving plant
17 Twelve step program
18 Bought with Monopoly money
23 Use instead of 1A to avoid 3D
24 Tulon
25 So-Fantasy character with 35As
30 Pseudonym
35 13 Phases
36 Won't pay off that student loan
37 Chastity agent
41 Appears the minute you get a date
42 Greedy
44 Trandy negative statement
45 Sulfur noose
46 Serial killer's father
48 Genua Cricopega
51 Egyptian god of sustenance

Yesterday's Answer: Bald Puss

TODAY IN HISTORY

April 15
On this day in:
9,000, 000 B.C. - Fred fist-fucks Betty while Wilma is giving birth.
1491 - Gerard Depardieu takes a whizz in the Atlantic
1843 - One of my relatives is killed. Aye, my revenge shall be sweet and painful!
1978 - Lucas markets his 2nd generation of Star Wars action figures
1993 - Some dumb asshole reads all this boring crap.



Entertainment

EDITOR: Remington Steel, 488-PEEE

D4

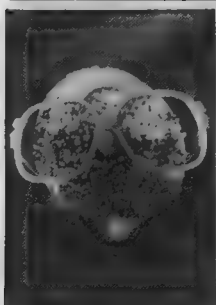
The Edmonton Journal

Thursday, April 15, 1993

Hard Act To Follow



A lovely scene from *Stud Poker*, Francis Ford Copulate's new joie de vivre flick



TIM
HORTON

On Film

REVIEW

Stud Poker ★★★★★

Director: Francis Ford Copulate
Starring: Buck Naked, Dick Hardde, Harry Kroch, Hugh G. Rection, and John Holmes as the pizza boy
Showing at: Adonis Theatre
Classification: All Ages

Stud Poker is, by far, the best all-male porno flick that I've seen in years. The acting is incredible, the sex is hot, and the cinematography is spectacular. The use of slow-motion instant replay is a stroke (and I mean that literally) of genius.

The film tells the tale of four friends (Al, Bill, Chuck, and Dave) who have weekly poker games on Friday nights. One night, in order to add some excitement to the game, they decide to play strip poker. Soon, one thing leads to another. Then minutes later, the jazz starts flying.

After things cool down, the boys decide to rest up. They decide to order in a pizza. When the pizza delivery boy (John Holmes) arrives, the screen starts to sizzle. Let's just say that he gets a BIG tip. And no one even bothered to eat the pizza.

After this, Al complains of sore muscles, so the others take turns massaging him and rubbing oil on his muscular, defined body. Soon, it's not oil they're using anymore.

What is brilliant about this film is its symbolic representation of the imperialist and expansionist period of the United States. With the enlarged members representing the capitalist tendencies of America, and the tight orifices symbolizing the down-rod-den third world nations of the Far East, this film made me feel ashamed to be living in North America. Fortunately, the sex is sizzling hot.

Stud Poker is not one of your average, run-of-the-mill all-male porno films. Its deep (DEEP!) message, and its subtle characterizations make it more than just pure escapist fun. Not to be missed.

SPOTLIGHT

Tomei stalked: A young Asian gentleman from Edmonton was recently apprehended by the New York Police on the charge of harrassing recent Academy Award Winner Marisa Tomei.

When interrogated by police, the young man stated that he was the Entertainment Editor from some obscure Canadian university newspaper. He also stated that he would "kill former Prime Minister Mulroney for her."

After hearing this, the police let him go with their approval.

Plato does it: Dana Plato, formerly of *Diff'rent Strokes*, has recently appeared in *Swank* magazine in a cheap bid for attention and public love.

"I think this is a classy magazine and a good step in my career," says Plato.

She can presently be seen starring in T&A's *Lickin' Around the Ass Rim in 80 Days* with Michael Palin.

Richly deserved: Adam Rich, formerly of *Eight Is Enough*, has been arrested for inhaling a speedball of seasoning salt and MollyMcButter. "Why don't you people leave me alone," shouted Rich when he was arrested.

After he said this, people did.

Rub pummeled: Rub Nabisco, radio deejay for Power 92, was shot with a taser, beaten to a bloody pulp, and then strip-searched by the Edmonton Police two nights ago in an act of pure justice.

Interestingly enough, the whole event, where Rub Nabisco phoned up the police chief's daughter and told her she had herpes-simplex-2 as part of his prank-ridden morning show, was videotaped by a secretary who happened to be in the booth at the time.

"This was purely justifiable," said the police spokesman.

"He's such an ass."

Rub Nabisco will not be on the air for the next few weeks.

Lowe blow: The Hollywood scene was bored to death once again when it was discovered that Rob Lowe had videotaped a sex-orgy involving himself and Wilt Chamberlain on a brown, vinyl Laz-E-Boy during the Democratic Convention.

Iced again: Teenage flash-in-the-can Vanilla Ice announced that he will be releasing a new album in the next few months called *Vanilla Ice: I Wanna Be Black But I Might As Well Pack It In* on the new No Rhythm label.

Cohen head: Leonard Cohen, Canadian musical sensation, has had a falling out with Rebecca De Mornay.

"I can't believe he left me for another woman," exclaimed De Mornay.

When asked to comment, Cohen stated "Mmmfdkf. Guuhduhh. Mmmmmhuuh. Zzzzzzzzz. Nee. Neeah. Huhs. Closin' time."

I'm the greatest



GORUS KIDNEY

On
Television

I actually would only watch Access Network and some PBS, if it wasn't for this job, to which I have sold my soul for pennies. This is not so much a lament as a cry for help. I have watched every episode of *Step by Step* this season and I'm beginning to identify with the characters. Never mind that they eat sensibly, if ever, and use thighmasters. Terminal virginity is a surprisingly liberating concept, and I really do believe that children in dysfunctional families are more likely to keep their legs crossed than the rest of us.

My request for a three-week series on political themes in *Upstairs, Downstairs* has been denied. I still watch every episode religiously Friday nights. I think Georgina

ought to have married her cousin James. Of course he blew his brains out in the second last episode and Georgina married a duke. Edward and Daisy decided to have a child and Mr. Hudson married Mrs. Bridges. Oh, Hazel died of influenza and Rose, well, never changes. I ought to have advised you not to read this paragraph if you are following the current run of the soap opera on Access.

I am a kind of superior life form. It is not my intention to be ostentatious; rather, I have a deep personal commitment to the truth, and frankly I am better than you. People who watch quality programmes, as the word ought to be written, exist on a higher plane of consciousness. We are only one level below people who read books. To speak differently, I know what happens at the end of *Brideshead Revisited*. I've just never read it.

My favourite television series, and probably the best ever aired, is the *World at War*, with Sir Laurence Olivier. I like to simulate bombing noises as I watch again and again the storming of the beaches at Normandy. In the last episode Hitler commits suicide as the Rus-

sians invade Berlin, and the war in the Pacific ends with the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I ought to have advised you not to read this paragraph if you haven't yet watched the Second World War.

I miss Alistair Cooke desperately. He was my special television friend. Somehow it just isn't the same with Barney Dinosaur. At the end of his show his friends gather around and they sing, "I love you, You love me." I ought to have advised you not to read this paragraph if you haven't yet watched *Barney and Friends*.

The world is a lonely place for people who are great. I dwell alone like some guru on a mountain of videotapes, waiting in vain to impart enlightenment upon some deserving pilgrim. I understand *Red Dwarf* and at least half of the *Monty Python Flying Circus* skits. I am a global treasure. Recognise me, please!

Alas, I must continue with my tedious job. The obvious homosexual subtext of having three men live together in *Full House* is another attack by the cultural elite upon family values. Oops—wrong newspaper.

No, I'm the greatest

REVIEW

Endocrine *

Director: Jerry Lewis
Starring: Catherine DeNombskill, Gerrard DeBignose, Guy LaVagina, and Drew Barrymore
Showing at: Princhump Theatre
Classification: All Ages

TIM HORTON
Journal Staff Writer

Edmonton

Well, I went down to the Princhump Theatre to watch the exclusive, VIP, press-screening of *Endocrine*, the new French (I've always loved the French... especially their salad dressing, I could eat tonnes of it) film starring Catherine DeNombskill, and what did I see? No donuts! Well, I guess this movie won't get a very good review. Hmmpfh. Don't they know who I am?

Anyway, *Endocrine* is your basic love story about Madame Bouillabaise, a sophisticated French woman who must reconcile her love for Joé LaButtafucco, a travelling salesman (played marvelously by Gerrard DeBignose) who peddles small, but highly lucrative, cubic zirconia versions of the Eiffel Tower. But I won't bore you with the plot since I don't want to ruin it for you.

As I was saying, Bouillabaise falls in love and then gets pregnant with the salesman's illegitimate son who turns out to be an endocrinal miracle due to his ability to... well, I shouldn't talk about what I saw at the press screening, it would ruin it for you. So instead, I'll read from the press kit.

The son grows up and discovers how he has supernatural powers derived from his hyper-sensitive endocrine system which allows him to make that back-of-the-throat-vomitty sound French (gawd, I love that dressing) people

are able to make when pronouncing certain words. At first, the boy's talent is a boon for the young, struggling couple who soon find that cubic zirconia is not the way to go. Exploiting his rare linguistic talents to the max, they travel to Paris where they find that the Eiffel Tower is made of cold, hard steel. Then they... wait a minute, I'm ruining this film for you aren't I? Well, too bad. It's too late now anyway so you might as well keep reading. I'm Tim Horton, so listen up.

Well actually, I can't tell you about what they did in Paris because I had to go to the bathroom, so I'll continue with the press kit. Bouillabaise falls out of love with Joé LaButtafucco after a brief fight

over whether he is cheating on her. She grows increasingly suspicious and it drives her mad, so one night, she follows him when he leaves for a business meeting. Much to her horror, she discovers that he is seeing a young teenage woman by the name of Amy LeFisher (played by Drew Barrymore).

Soon, they are tangled in a torrid love triangle which ends with... okay, I won't ruin it completely for you and tell you that Amy LeFisher shoots Madame Bouillabaise in the head with a .38 Special.

Uuuuuuhhhhhh... well, okay, I'll tell you the ending. Amy LeFisher shoots Madame Bouillabaise in the head with a .38 Special.

See? I just saved you \$8. Aren't you happy?

what a long
strange trip
this has been

DEWEY'S
BAR-DELLI
HUB MALL

What's ON

FILM: The Princhump Theatre presents *Endocrine*, 7 and 9:30 pm. The usual stuff where you have to wear Eddie Bauer, brown suede crap to and talk about how *The 10 000 Blows* is a good film, but not a great film while waiting in line.

DANCE: The Brain Wubb Company presents *Pompous Tutu*. Remember to try and throw in terms such as "jappe" into your conversation and talk about how *Swan Lake* is a good ballet, but not a great ballet. The usual black turtleneck will do.

POMPOUS CRAP: The PCSOE (Pompous Crap Society Of Edmonton) presents a series of events involving nothing in particular, but solicits the attendee to wear brown suede with black patent leather shoes and drink small cups of strong coffee while commenting on how good pomposity is, but how it isn't great pomposity.

THEATRE: Soups off, but a nice bacon, lettuce, and tomato on toast is always on. Also, your carlights. Oh, and your stove.

HERPES-SIMPLEX ODEON

C-ENEMA GUIDE

EATIN' CENTRE

EXCREMENT PROPOSAL

Warning: scenes of violent excrement

HONEYMOON IN VEGREVILLE

Warning: some scenes of Vegreville may be disturbing

A FEW GOOD MONKEYS

Warning: scenes of monkeys

MY COUSIN ATUL

STOP! OR I'LL SHOOT MY MOM

Warning: incestuous scenes may delight some

THE LAST OF THE MORTICIANS

Warning: necrophiliacs only

CHAPLIPS

Warning: long and boring

BREAST MALL 6

THE CUMMING GAME

Warning: there's a penis shown in this movie!

THE MIGHTY FUCKS

Warning: lots of fuckin' swearing

HOMO ALONE 2: LOST IN MY ASS

ADULT FILM AWARD WINNER

THE VARNISHING

UNTAMED FART

Warning: scenes of flatulence

IN YUR ASSIC PARK

Warning: some scenes may be titillating

ALL THEATRES NOW HAVE MACTURBATION ROOMS

REARMOUNT 4

THE ADVENTURES OF FUCK HINN

NO POINT OF RETURN

Warning: lousy remake of a French film

HOWARDS REAR END

Warning: stuffy British movie

SCENT OF AN ARMPIT

Warning: not suitable for anyone

ENCORE \$1 CINEMAS

YOU CHEAP FUCKS GET A JOB!!!

UNDER SUEDE

JACK OFF THE BEAR

Warning: frightening scenes

THE BAWDYGUARD

Warning: scenes of Whitney Houston singing

TEENAGE MUTANT VULVA TURTLES III

A DOUCHE OF THEIR OWN

Warning: no redeeming scenes whatsoever

A PENIS RAMS THROUGH IT

Warning: for immature audiences only

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requests

The Color Black



TICKETS AT: TICKETMASTER

SOUTHSIDE SOUND

U of A TICKET BOOTH

Give me your sweat you pack of smelly little shits

Nobody understands why kids do what they do nowadays. The music is louder, messier, and ser-rated, and the gigs they attend are filled with sweaty, sneering rugrats that look like they wouldn't give a second thought to cutting your throat. They say that no one understands them and that anyone over the age of twenty-five cannot be trusted.

What a bunch of ungrateful little fucking twerps. They wouldn't have their grunge music if the punkers of my day played more than one chord in a song.

As for their skater fashion, I wore



**HELLA
MATTEL**

beat up canvas hightops and skateboarded with my brother even before they wipe their own asses. And "moshing?" Shit, we called that "slamming," you worms.

Nothing you're doing is all that special, it's just skimming off the past.

Last week I went to a gig featuring some Nirvana soundalike bands, and the little cretins were bobbing and thrashing like epileptics. Then a bunch of them light up a doobie and start smoking up right there in front of me. Fuck! It must have been nice, to be able to just light up and not worry about being caught by your editor in the stairwell and getting sent to the South-paw "We're Your Friends" reform centre for strung out writers who miss half a show to meet deadline

and try to make the article sound like they were there the whole time.

Did they ever think of asking me? Maybe they would make me feel alienated and I want to smoke up, thrash a few steps with my skateboard, mosh, and clamp my mature lips down onto the mouth of some virile little blond teenager named Simon! I want to be able to wear beads, straight hair, Docs, and psychedelic shirts, instead of Miss Conservative yet Hip music journalist who gets to interview washed-up rock stars and pretend to like manufactured pretty pop because our readers have no balls

to handle anything else. Give me that blue smoke! Slam your sweaty bodies into mine! I am one of you! Accept me!!

But you won't, because you're all little bastards who will be bitter. Learn to like drive, kids, because it's all you've got to look forward to. Go ahead and give me weird looks at the gigs because I'm as older than you. I'll laugh at the satisfaction that someday you'll know.

SHAKE RATTLE AND ROLL.....No one is coming to play Edmonton. No one. I don't blame them, you pack of freaks.

7:00		7:30		8:00		8:30		9:00		9:30		10:00		10:30		11:00		11:30	
2	2	Full Toilet	Terminal Losing: Edmonton Oilers vs. Calgary Flames-Al Nagy hosts and tries to cover up the shame						Oral Sex Travels with Pepe				CFRN New(d)s						
4	4	Spork Cooking	Exciting Canadian Culture Programming				More Farming		North of Sixty-Nine				Immaterial World		The Bushcombers		Is That A Spoon?		
6	6	Northern Indecent Exposure		Semenfeld		Retards!		Leonard Cohen: Naked and Wrinkled				Good Cockin' Tonight				Sprockets			
7	7	Jeers	G*A*S*H*		60 Ass-fucking Minutes			Late Night With David Johnston		Gynecology For Kids				The Chinese Food Is Here!!!!					
8	8	Loogie Howser	Smegma Smiles			Fresh Piss of Bel-Air			The Nic Simpsons			Spunk Night		The Enema Within					
9	9	Homework Hotplate		Married with Incest Christmas Special					Jason Chouinard's Christmas Salute to the Feminist Movement						Cumshots!				
10	10	Bullshit Community Shit That Nobody Watches Like Fishing n' Shit				More of the Same Crap			Crap crap crap		Warwick's World featuring Pete Frey and Chris Woo								
12	12	Bye Bye, Mon Cowboy		Amphibian Cuisine			Frogs Cunt Du Jour			Le Crap		La Crappe		La Maison d'Excremente avec Guy					
13	13	Doctor Who: Invasion of The Vibrating and Highly Pleasurable Daleks							Hand Jobs Weekly			Cluster Fuck Fist-Fightin': Mr. Roberts vs. Julia Childs							
15	29	Redneck shit like Tractor Pulls and Monster Trucks			Goofy Caps		The Joy of Inbreeding			Movie: Foreheads That Are Sloped (1977) Mark Hamill, David Hasselhoff									
16	26	Inside Sports: Why The Oilers Suck Shit This Year			Caber Tossing: The Pro Sport of the Future						Drugged Again, Naturally: The Steve Howe Story				Spurtz Desk				
18	27	Larry King Dead		Cockin' With Yan			BulgeBeat with Juliet Williams			Más Allá Que Tu Culo			Cum Talk To Me		Papa, Don't!				
19	25	Barney That Crappy Purple Dinosaur			I Sure Am Drunk		Here's the beef!		Movie: Finger Up My Dong Up To The 2nd Knuckle (1994) Dean Jones, Don Knotts										
20	24	Star Crap	Deep Throat Nine			Boobyton Five			Star Crap: The Cum-Lickin' Generation - "Spuz" parts 1 & 2						Spock Talk				
21	23	Erica Ehm shows some cleavage		The French chick-o shows some cleavage				I'd Do Her		Steve Anthony shows some ass-crackage				Rapid Fux					
22	19	Entrapment Tonight		Movie: Cheech & Chong: Mutual Oral Sex (1610) B.Shakespeare						Movie: Buggery on the High Seas (1962) Marlon Brando and some lard									
23	14	Crap Today	Colostomy Bags: Nature's Secret Nectar				Short Chicks; Hung Dudes			Movie: Why Does My Asshole Hurt This Morning? (1969) Sting and Cher									
24	22	Animal Fuck Hour		Fat People!		Get Up And Get A Job, You Unemployed Fucks				Suckin Suckin Suckin Suckin It!			Cooking With Foreskins						
T&A		Licking Around the Ass Rim in 80 Days (R)				Movie: Excretibur... again (1983) Dom DeLuise, Jackée					Movie: Asshole Strain (1977) John Holmes, Zara Whites								
KCUM		Spanking The Monkey		Choking The Chicken			Slamming The Lizard			Pulling The Goalie		Shaking Hands With Mr. Happy			Beating Off				
WBOB		The Joe Sakic Hour			I Need A Job!		More Joe Sakic		Ex-girlfriend Nightmares			Why I Hate Engineering			Elaine Owes Me Lunch!!!				

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■ John Crud/E2
■ Play-off Draft/E3

Sports

EDITOR: The Life Guy, 555-4893

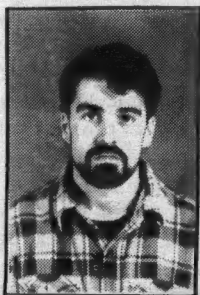
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BOSSY

The Edmonton Journal

Thursday, April 15, 1993



**Kid
Creole**

I'm a handsome actor

Treasury Bunch investigates Dork

Sources close to *The Journal* have revealed U of A president Paul Davendork is once again in trouble with the Alberta Treasury Bunch, the provincially owned bank.

According to the Toronto Sports Network's Me-Miller-and-Morgantaler, Davendork has put the U of A up for collateral in the hopes of buying sports teams.

Me-Miller-and-Morgantaler said Davendork hoped to start his future sports empire with the expansion Edmonton Driftwoods of the newly-formed Canadian Caber Toss League (CCTL).

"Davendork really screwed up in putting the university up as collateral," Me-Miller-and-Morgantaler said from, where else, Toronto. "I have sources who say he is in real trouble with the bank."

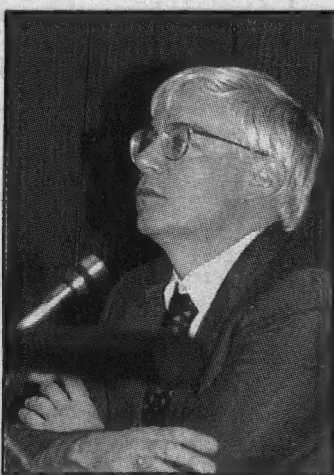
"I've even heard the Treasury

Bunch is thinking of foreclosing on the university because they're pissed off. The Gerniz Brothers are looking for new mall space anyways."

Davendork pulled much the same thing when he was president of McSwill University before coming to the U of A. He put McSwill up as collateral when he purchased the Montreal Meats of the Arena Flesh and Blood League. Though many of the Meats eventually died from internal injuries, the sports world speculated as to how a gimpy shell of a man could become a sports empire overnight.

According to Me-Miller-and-Morgantaler, Davendork capitalized on the university's misfortune by hoping to make a small fortune for himself.

But he got caught.



Ted Bun *The Journal*

Davendork is in hot water

"I hope the Treasury Bunch has no mercy for him," Me-Miller-and-Morgantaler said. "Putting up an entire university as collateral for

selfish gains is no lesson to teach young students. Besides, I couldn't get in when I applied, so I became a sports reporter."

Davendork was unavailable for comment, said Missy Snitty, his secretary.

The Treasury Bunch is investigating this case and plans to release its decision in the next couple of days.

"At this point we suspect Mr. Davendork has used the university as collateral in the hopes of purchasing the Driftwoods," said Treasury Bunch president Miroslav Jones. "This would not be as serious an offence if he used something as collateral which was actually worth something. The university is worth a hill of crap."

It is alleged Davendork is financing his plans to buy the Driftwoods through local interests. All of the nine men on the secret finance com-

mittee are under six-foot-five and are stinging from the folding of the Short Guy Basketball League. The group is fully behind Davendork in his plans to buy the caber toss team.

But the university chancellor, Ricky Rocktaggart, said he has grave concerns about hearing Davendork's master scheme to mortgage the campus.

"I would hope if Paul did put the university up for collateral he would get the loan," Rocktaggart said. "But if I was the Treasury Bunch I would think twice before giving up the money, at least until our new tuition increase goes through."

Davendork is in some hot water. I expect him to phone *The Journal* shortly after this article hits the streets and demand an apology, which will be on tomorrow's break page. I will be so angry I'll think of moving on, but won't. I'll just stand there, all red-faced and cute.

The Results

HOCKEY:

Moo Cows 4 Slick-50's 2
Pigeons 3 Mini 2
Fisher-guys 3 York Island 3
Canjuns 3 Switchblades 2
Chris Nords 6 Members of Parliament 2
Rain clouds 6 Cessnas 4
Hemps 7 Monarchs 4
Pink Floyd 2 Humble Pie 1

(OT)

BASEBALL:

LEAGUE OF YANKEES:

Bo 2 Self-government 2
Gulls 6 Ship-guys 5
Meow Cats 20 E's 4
Cockburn 6 Raitt 4
Searchers 8 Camden 3

LEAGUE OF PATRIOTS:

Fireworks 9 Suppose 6
Lou 9 Tom 7
Streets 3 Big Pointy Fish 1
Phil Spector 5 Daniel Lanois 4

(OT)

Chop 3 Geeks 2
Pit 6 Maradona 3

LEAGUE OF THE COAST:

Bulls 8 Crappers 7

BASKETBALL:

Bo 96 Pace 90
Vlad 99 Pat 95
Fleetwood 79 Mac 66
Port 101 Clip-and-Save 99

On The Air

• 7:30p.m. Toronto Sports Network — DRUGGED AGAIN, NATURALLY:

The Steve Howe Story — Steve Howe explains how to lay down "chalk" lines and how to pick them up nasally.

REGENA SCOTLAND Journal Caber Toss Writer

EDMINTIN

The Canadian Caber Toss League is coming to Edminton. Yes, that age-old party game has become a reality in the City of Champions. Late, very late Wednesday night at a local pub, the league organizers announced the birth of this majestic European sport of champions.

"We thought that it was only appropriate to bring the sport of champions to the city of champions. I think Edminton will really take to the sport, it's really a bit of fun you know. It's a little bit different from the other sports you folks play around here but you'll find it just seems to grow on you, sort of like barnacles," said league president Brian Bossworth.

The league uses a far different set of rules than most of the other North American games, specifically regarding its competitors.

"To start with we don't accept any players who aren't able to drink their weight in shots of beer in a night. For example a 200-pound man would have to consume 200 shots of beer the night before the competition, or preferably the night before the competition in order to be eligible to compete."

"We also have done away with this silly steroid rule, in fact we highly encourage steroids. We have this old English tradition about the more the merrier, so we stick to it. Besides it cost so bloody much to catch the buggers, to hell with it. What's that old adage: if you can't beat 'em, join 'em," said Bossworth.

President Bossworth took the

time to introduce several members of the tossing team, Will Himalton, Al Zedo, Monet Mandrich, and

Petra Crappa of the Slick-50's.

When asked about the addition of Petra Crappa of the Slick-50's,



Caber Captain Zedo

Ned Excellent *The Journal*

Bossworth replied, "Hey if you can drink your weight you can play on my team and this kid can drink."

Crappa has been known to frequent the odd watering hole in the area and happen to run into Bossworth one night stumbling out of a local bar. Crappa had no comment except to say that he was honored to be selected to the team, and was anxious to begin his training now that the Slick-50's were out of the playoff run.

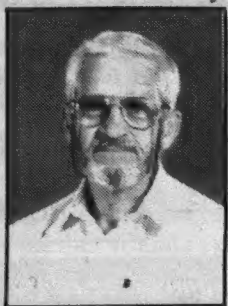
"This isn't your average group of ex-athletes and it isn't your average sport. These guys train hard and I mean hard, they have a very regimented training diet: half a dozen eggs, a pound of butter and two gallons of half-and-half cream, and that's just for breakfast. Lunch is nothing but Polish sausage and beer."

"The fans in Edminton are the best, we know that after watching them cheer all year long for those lousy Slick-50's guys, they'll cheer for anything. The caber tossing is great, there's lots of beer and Polish sausage for the whole family, and not many of the spectators get hurt."

**Cream Corn
or
Rutabagas:**

Which makes Giz
catch footballs
better?

See Kurt Schlock's
Journal Exclusive
Friday



John Crud

I'm tired comment

The Edmontin Slick-50's season is over, but general manager Gump Slaughter is already making the moves to make the hockey club best in Canada once again. Best like the time I worked for the club in the public relations department. Back in the 1970's.

Did I mention that I once worked for the Slick-50's in the public relations department. I wasn't sure if I had. Actually I just forgot for a second, but because I always write running copy the ebb and flow of this column is not interrupted one bit.

To make the Slick-50's viable once again Slaughter needs to, first off, trade Petra Crappa, who just

isn't playing with intensity. Not like the days when I was with the Slick-50's in the public relations department. Guys in those days really had to work to play or else they sat.

I'm sitting right now, thinking about more stuff to write which no-one will read.

Now a guy like Serge La-joy of the U of A would be a good guy to get to play for the Slick-50's. He's tough, has good puck-sense and can skate. He's a team player who is going to be a great addition to our team. Oops. That's the Slick-50's. For a minute there I thought I was back working in the public relations department. I guess I for-

got.

"I think Crappa's got to go," said someone I talked to over the phone from my house whose name I forgot. "Slaughter's got to make some moves and get some people who really want to play here and be part of the city and part of the team. But it's not a one-man game. No sir-ee. It's five guys working out there in front of the net. You know it's anyone's hockey game and the team with the better bounces will come out ahead on the score-board. We had a good season but you know a lot of the bounces didn't go our way. We're going to take time out over the summer and re-evaluate things

and see where the organization wants to go, but we're looking for some real team people next season. You know, hopefully we'll make the play-offs, but that's a long ways away."

The Slick-50's were eliminated from the play-offs by the Cessna's, who will meet the Vancouver Hemps in the semi-finals. The other semi-final series will feature the

LA Monarchs and the Moo Cows. While you can read that anywhere, it fills space in this column and makes everything read just ducky.

Ducks swim in the water. Water turns to ice. Ice makes for hockey. And hockey requires a public relations department.

I worked in the public relations department of the Slick-50's once, did I tell you?

Slick-50's bite dust

MARICUSIOS SPECOPOLIS
Journal Hockey Writer

EDMONTIN

There will be no joy in Edmontin this June.

The Slick-50's have slumped to their worst level in 14 years and the fans of Edmontin want some answers from Gump Slaughter, the Slick-50's general manager and president.

"Losing this year was part of my plan I developed 14 years ago," Slaughter said. "We got into the league, got the best player, Wyatt Grizzly, won the cup in five years and kept it more or less for six years. Now I have to tease the fans for a season or two before I win it again.

"You see there's so much you people don't know. The Grizzly trade, the Messiah trade were all part of the plan. Part of the L.A. Queens deal was for us to dump at least one season after we traded Grizzly and let the little kids on the block play for once. What the Queens don't know is that I made the same deal with N.Y. Forester when we traded Messiah. Ha ha ha, they're all just simpletons."

But the Slick-50 are one of the worst teams in the league. How are you going to make mountains out of molehills, Slaughter?

"Look at our team, we're starting a whole new brand of hockey. Killer Bookburner, he scored 129 goals when he was 12 years old, Louis DeBlockhead is really a ballet dancer, and Dave Manhunter he's really a classical pianist. All these guys have great hands. They could score goals by the bucket if I wanted them to. But we've been toughening them up for the last 10 or 15 years and now were going to turn them loose and let them beat the shit out everyone on the ice and then score 10 goals each game like we used to. Pretty smart, eh?"

Isn't the league clamping down on penalties this year, especially fighting?

"Who said anything about on the ice? Were going to have team versus team wrestling matches before each game. It's going to be part of the 'Bigger Event' that the league is trying to promote. The fighting on the ice is just so the players will save their strength for the matches in between the periods.

"While all those other GM's thought they were being so smart trading for the likes of Grizzly and Bernie Dimes, I've amassed the greatest team ever. We'll dominate for years. Remember Spectacles, you little shit, you can't score goals if you're in the hospital, ha ha ha ha..."

Who ever said old time hockey left us? It's still alive in the mind of Gump Slaughter, and his head coach Teddy GangGreen.

University Notebook:
*Nothing to write. Nothing to say.
Don't really care.*



Caber Toss comes to Edmontin

Peace-man Jones The Journal

*Eat
here.*

L'express

Delicatessen

SUB

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**Rotting Meat
or Cool Guy:**

*\$ The Petra
Crappy Diary \$*

**See Big Jum
Matthesson**

**The Journal
Friday**

Join the Jurinal's Play-off Pool

So what if the Slick-50's didn't make the playoffs. We are still holding our annual playoff draft with up to \$1500.00 in prize money to be won. To win you can't be as old as John Crud or as handsome as Kid Creole. You can't be a regular Life reader, and you have to be, you know, straight. But if you're a guy or a chick who has red blood and you've got the \$1600.00 entry fee you could win. Here are the prizes:

1. \$1500.00
2. \$5.00
3. \$2.50
4. A lifetime subscription to the Scum.
5. A lifetime subscription to The Jurinal.
6. Gump Slaughter's Piss Boy for a Week
7. One fortified Juri Rownick Jock-strap. It's

- even autographed.
8. A hair-cut like Eno Cigar.
9. PA Announcer for a Day.
10. John Crud for a Day
11. Geek for a Day
12. Guest pass to Petra Crappa's lazy, give-you-attitude, never

- listen, whining hockey school for wimpy players who defected.
13. Jurinal Sports Editor (but you have to know how to sew).

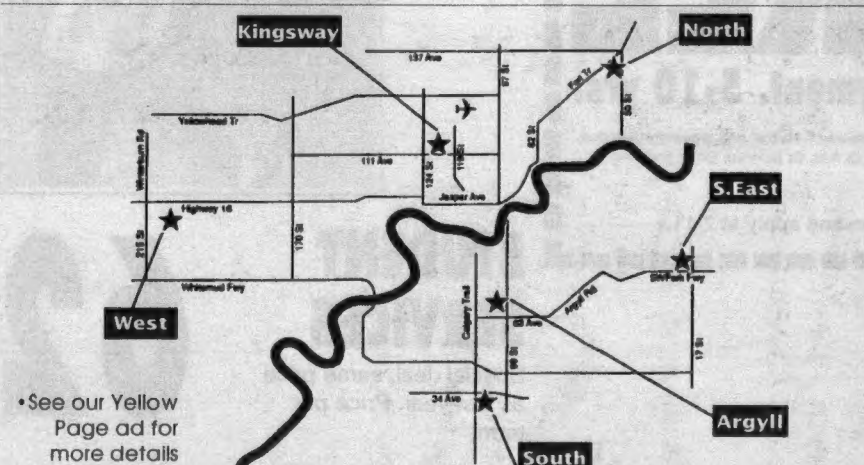
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*Kingsway location only



• See our Yellow Page ad for more details

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- North...478-3069
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In a stew?



Call the Student OmbudService

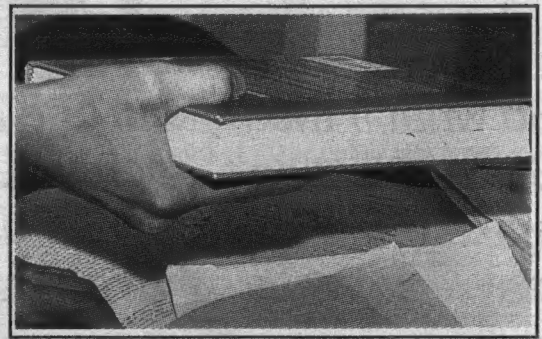
When you're in hot water at the University and don't know what to do, the Student OmbudService may be able to help. It counsels students who have concerns about grades, exams, University regulations, disciplinary actions, or who are involved in other campus disputes. Call 492-4689 for more information.

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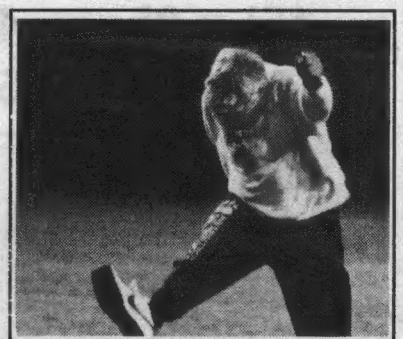


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*Yeah right. As if. Ha ha ha ha. ha.